

SLAVERY:

Or, THE TIMES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
MONMOUTH, THE DANISH MASSACRE, &c.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud
— — How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery.—

— — Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within. The passions all
Have burst their bounds.—
Even love itself is bitterness of soul.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

VOL. I.

W and Mrs John Ellis Mace

L O N D O N :

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S. J. A. V. E. R. Y.

OF THE

IN TWO VOLUMES



Or, THE TIMES.

From ZIMZA, King of TONOUWAH.

I Have trusted thee with a deposit more sacred than Zimza's existence. — For what is life without honour, that enlightening principle of Zimza's soul, which for so many moons he has preserved unsullied? — Thou hast promised to guard it unblemished in the person of his son. But what is the promise of a European? — Yet Hamilton is *not* a European either in feeling, manners, or disposition. Often, when the generous warmth of his passions has

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broke through the dark hue our sun had impressed upon his countenance, often have I said, "This man has an African mind." And when thy dejected eye has turned with pity (I am sure it *was* pity,) mixed perhaps with indignation from the horred scenes our native shores so frequently exhibit, "Surely, (have I pronounced,) Surely the Deities have reserved this man to revenge the cause of our helpless countrymen!"

Had I *not* so thought, had I *not* so witnessed, during the years of my residence in England, Adolphus should yet have remained in his father's house, still have retained his influence in the nations of his forefathers, improving in every masculine accomplishment under a parent's inspection, nor quitted the mansion of peace and glory, the rough abode of stern virtue, to receive a polish which, in less skilful hands than thine, might lose its original lustre in the indiscriminate indulgence



dulgence of his prejudices, appetites, and wishes. Oh! let him not sink, with the noble name of Zimza, those qualities which, I am honest to own, are resident in my bosom. And may the sacrifice I have made, in permitting my son to take the title of a European, never burn indignantly on Zimza's conscious cheek! — It was all my friend required. Could I do otherwise! May he, then, with the name of Adolphus, adopt his excellencies, adding them to those he already possesses! — But oh be careful not to indulge his inclination at the expence of his reason. Yet wear not away, by a slavish impression of national and feminine habits, the *brilliant boldness* (if I may so speak,) which characterises the children of the sun; those I mean whose spirits have not been bowed by slavery; whose virtues have not been destroyed nor their vices confirmed by bad examples and worse treatment.

4 S L A V E R Y : O R ,

I know how difficult it is to manage a youth whose quick perceptions are yet unchecked by the cold hand of prudence; but *you* are equal to the task. — Touch, then, with delicacy those marks of pride which even Zimza's tenderness has discovered in his child's disposition; those spots and (shall I say, in some degree, if not removed) those degrading stains in a hero's glory. — Remind him of his dignity as man, but let him claim no consequence from his birth: for well do I know, from experience, how little value Europeans set upon African greatness. — Yet wherefore these cautions to the guardian of my son? Cautions, I would hope, unnecessary, and perhaps contradictory. However, what thou canst not excuse in the friend may be forgiven to the parent. And yet what I shall farther say may occasion a still greater exertion of thy patience.

Last

Last night, the seventh, as thou knowest, of our separation, I reached the mouth of the Gambia. My feet were irresistibly impelled along its banks. — Alone, pensive, and meditating, I advanced. The moon transmitted her clear beams through our lucid atmosphere, unchecked by the unwholesome fogs which, at certain periods, render this climate dangerous, and discovered that immense prospect we so often have admired. A dead calm gave the river all its charms; to the entrance of which, almost unconscious of fatigue, paternal eagerness directed my steps. I arrived at a rock that overlooked a part of the harbour, when the bright rays of a swiftly rising sun extinguished the softness of the inferior planet, and threw a glorious radiance on the sails of a vessel which was slowly attempting her passage over the bay. — A mist rushed into my eyes. — It dissolved in a tear. — What a disgrace to Zimza's cheek, to Zimza's situation! — But, Hamilton, the source was clear.

6 S L A V E R Y : O R ,

Neither empoisoned by blameable passions nor disappointed ambition. — A tear! — Well, my friend, it flowed not from unworthy motives. — That ship was — loaded with slaves! Unhappy sacrifice to domestic feuds, savage war, or interested, shall I not say, *inhumanity*? Silent and still, the winds seemed to refuse their sanction to the theft, as if loth to tear the wretched creatures from all the social comforts of life. — 'Tis true, they laboured for the precarious morsel, but it was sweetened with liberty. Unpolished by education, unrestrained by example, and unawed by the Deity thou and thy countrymen acknowledge, (I will not say worship,) they have not learned to disguise *revenge* under the name of justice or sanction of law: and, in the infliction of that power, did not always advert to reason or mercy. It is likewise too true that many of our chiefs are deeply concerned in the vile custom of betraying their fellow-creatures. — But never shall

Zimza

Zimza gratify his interest at the expence of his peace, or of the lives even of those he may have conquered.

Thus I thought: and oh! what I felt, when the sails began to fill! The sea breezes creeping on the water ruffled its beauty and I could fancy they brought to my ears the groans, the sighs, the honest execrations, of the deluded Africans.

Mortals, influenced by that bloody distinction ye have acquired over us by your modes and manners, or the knowledge ye have cultivated at the expence of your faith, your truth, your honesty, in what are ye superior to us? Do not the same beams enlighten, the same passions inform, the same principles animate, us? If, unactuated by the artful motives of interest, miscalled prudence, does it follow that our lives are to be sacrificed, our blood (boiling with rage at such cruelty) to be spilt, for the advancement of your fortunes? But you tell us,

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that, influenced by sordid gratification, you are concerned to preserve the health of your slaves. — And *how* preserve them? The beasts of burthen, in your own nation, are considered in a light more human than the captured negro. While those are plentifully fed, nay almost pampered, *he*, too often sinking under the lash and scantily supported, finds every active power restrained; while, forced beyond his natural strength, and still more oppressed by indignant grief, he yields in despair to his fate, and mortifies the barbarous inflictor of his undeserved punishment. I *know* a sulky tenaciousness, a gloomy obstinacy, are the characteristics of my countrymen. I *know*, that, under the idea of a quick, and in some instances a barbarous, spirit of retaliation, numerous families have been sacrificed to an unjust and inhuman resentment. But is this to be cavilled at, when they can find a market ready for the victims of vengeance and interest? And is the example of a people, whom

whom the Europeans consider as inferior to themselves in every instance, to be held up as an extenuation of faults ye can no otherways palliate? Judge for me, my friend; I speak as a sufferer on this occasion, and indignantly look upon the widows and orphans whose husbands, captured by other powers, have left them to lament a loss never to be repaired.

But think not, though an African, that Zimza condemns without reserve. Some amongst you, I would hope, are alive to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. There are more Hamiltons than one. Nay, it has been reported, that the grand council of thy nation are not impenetrable to our distress. — The prayers of Zimza shall call for blessings on those who nobly make a stand against such treacherous baseness.

But is this the only theme which unmans thy friend? — Hurried away by glowing rage and pity for the sorrows he has endeavoured

deavoured to relieve, is there not a cord of his heart that trembles yet more powerfully for the agonizing feelings of nature ? — Yes. — That *ship*, Hamilton, carries with it the subject of his hopes, fears, wishes, and joys, for it contains his child, and the generous man who left his family and country, when called upon by a doating father, for the noble purpose of guarding an only child to shores hostile to his peace. — Zimza cannot compliment, or with what reason might he praise a conduct so uncommon ? — But Hamilton lives in his heart. — Once more, then, think of the charge thou hast undertaken. It is Tonou-wah's prince looks up to an Englishman for protection, instruction, and all that sedulous attention youth requires. Watch over him ; guard him from our bitterest foes ; and, while the vessel remains at Port-Royal, waiting to dispose of her miserable cargo, trust not Adolphus from thy sight, but safely conduct him from the dangerous

dangerous island; an island so truly hateful to an African. *My* son would be a prize worth their notice. — 'The thought is death! — But is he not Hamilton's care? Away, jealous suspicion.

Only a few words more. This will follow thee to Jamaica. — It may be long ere I can receive an answer. — Pardon me, I would just add, transmit, by every possible opportunity, his words, (need I say *whose*?) his thoughts, his actions, nay I would read his very looks, in your epistles,

ZIMZA.

From ZIMZA to Mr. HAMILTON.

Seventh Moon.

IT is true, I know but little of the navigation between Africa and England; yet I thought there was a probability of thy meeting the Guinea or Sierra Leona ships, in thy passage to England. I am in painful suspense! . . . But they arrive. I hasten to the harbour. The boats put off!

off! My heart, beating as if each stroke threatened even existence, prevents my speech. — Feeble mortal, where is thy fortitude? King of Tonouwah, where is thy dignity? Down, throbbing breast, enough have I sacrificed to nature. — Azilli approaches with my attendants. Fearful of their safety, yet alive to duty, they croud about me, and, in silent earnestness, seem to wait the wished command to quit this fatal spot, fatal to many miserable families. — But wherefore fear? Zimza will protect them with his life. — Thus, while the boats are making to shore, do I, upon the tablets thou gavest me, express the emotions of my soul.

Now yonder crew are landed. — The captain comes this way. — My child, my friend, I shall soon receive intelligence of your safety. —

“Savage, I deal not in human merchandise.” — Hamilton, he brings no letters, but would persuade me to negotiate for the
the

the freedom of my people. — “ Men of
 “ Tonouwah, doubt not: ye are all my
 “ children. Why, then, thus dismayed?
 “ We will soon quit these shocking
 “ scenes.”

Hamilton, thou hast undone me. Where
 is Adolphus? Where the dear pledge of
 Leonora's love. — Monster! — Not *one*
 honest European to be met with. — Is it
 thus I am to suffer for the liberality of my
 sentiments towards ye? — Three vessels
 and no letters! — I tell thee, Christian, if
 thou hast left my son a slave in Jamaica,
 revenge, in its most horrid effects, shall
 pursue thee. But what would I say? Thou
 laughest at my calamity. My groans and
 sighs, could they reach thy polluted soul,
 would be sport to Hamilton. — But I will
 even descend to intreat thy pity, and im-
 plore thee to send my son back. — Send
 him back, gentle European, if thou hast
 not infamously betrayed the innocent wan-
 derer; in mercy, send him back to a dis-
tracted

tracted parent. — I will hide him, — ah !
 I will hide him from human eyes. We
 will hasten to the interior parts of Ethiopia,
 where there is no traffic for MEN.

I have interrogated the commanders of
 the several vessels. — “ They saw no
 “ prince ;” (thus haughtily they answer ;)
 “ they hailed the Frederic, on her passage,
 “ but none of her people came on-board.”
 — And this is all *they* know. — Cruel !
 thus to tear the strings of affection which
 bind a father to his child ! — Oh ! he is
 certainly left in Jamaica. —

And is the noble offspring of him thou
 calledst *friend* doomed by *thee* to work in
 fields fattened by African toil ? Infatu-
 ated man ! have I not provoked the fate I
 am sinking under ? — And yet I would not
 irritate thee. — But surely *my* tuition
 might have served the grandson of him
 who passed a peaceful life amidst his native
 wilds ! But *I* was desirous he should visit
 that nation where I had safely passed my
 youth,

youth, and willingly trusted my lovely Adolphus with him whose father so kindly protected *me*. —

Hamilton, by all our past intercourse, by the happy hours we enjoyed in England, by the yet more pleasing ones so lately marked with placid serenity at Tonouwah, restore, I beseech thee, restore my son, Leonora's son. — Leonora was thy countrywoman; she loved the English, though her sensibility distinguished innate sincerity through the dark hue that shrouded Zimza's countenance. Yes, *she* looked to the heart for that equality the Christians deny us, nor shrunk disgusted from the sable umbrage of an honest countenance. Yet did not that partiality blind her to the virtues of a nation she adorned. From her and thee I received those favourable prepossessions which Oh! yet confirm those prepossessions, nor strengthen my belief that the dear departed Leonora and thy sire were the only benevolent Europeans.

Alas!

Alas ! *thy* treachery would make me more than doubt the justice of the noble few whom, in my former letter, I characterised as the defenders of our rights.

Am I not inconsistent ? And cannot Hamilton account for it ? Perhaps he will perceive that my distresses, my agonizing feelings for a dear lost child, bewilder the imagination, destroy propriety, and— but what more would I say ?— If thou art guilty, of what avail are expostulations, intreaties, or remonstrances ? If innocent, what anguish is preparing for the credulous

Z I M Z A !

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON *to* ZIMZA, *King of*
Tonouwah.

Port-Royal, Jamaica,

April 10.

A GREEABLY to the sacred promise my friend received at parting, I have retired from the convivial set, to obey the noble Zimza.. My engagement, if
memory

memory deceive me not, was, “ To endeavour, by a particular attention to the scenes in which your son may be concerned, to gratify your impatient affection in a full description of them : nay, to describe (thus you expressed yourself) every incident passing under his eye, or that may come within my knowledge. Such (you said) I mean as may tend to elucidate his conduct, principles, and disposition.” That you may, in the glass of retrospection, again view England, its diversions, prejudices, and peculiarities, as well as behold nature as she daily unfolds herself in your amiable Adolphus.

To begin, therefore, a task which friendship only could render agreeable to me, I shall endeavour to delineate the following instance of my young pupil’s artless humanity, to which virtue courage and intrepidity must be added as his inheritance.

Soon after our arrival at Port-Royal, the persons appointed to conduct the slaves

C

on

on shore came to execute their commission; and, as our captain was confined to his cabin with the gout, he solicited me to supply his place.

For a short period, the business went on very calmly, till a poor creature, with her little infant (born on the passage) was ordered up. Weak from that unhappy circumstance, she in vain attempted to get over the ship's side; but (should I write these things to an African?) the hardened overseer roughly pushed her forwards, that others might follow. A tall sullen-looking negro, who waited for his turn, observing the transaction, muttered something in his own language, and shook his hands, ironed as they were, at the menacing wretch who had so rudely treated the poor woman. The ready whip was immediately applied to punish his temerity. Adolphus, who had his arm within mine, trembled. On seeing the strokes unmercifully repeated, he quitted my side, and, seizing the overseer's

feer's hand, while the tears rushed into his eyes — “ My father's subjects obey without the whip, (he cried ;) we have no whips at Tonouwah.”

The slave looked up, and exclaimed — “ My master, my prince.” — Adolphus ran back to me. — “ Oh ! stop him, stop him ; do not let him be beaten any longer. — It is poor Sambo.” —

I then interfered, and interrogated the distressed fellow upon the cause of his imprudence ; he told me the unfortunate woman was his wife ; that terror as well as weakness had overcome her, from the dread she had, in common with the rest, that she was to be sacrificed to the European gods, as soon as they were landed.

Adolphus took his hand, for he turned aside in speechless agony, and bid him not cry, for when *he* was a man he should return to Jamaica and would give them both their freedom. Sambo sunk on his knees

before me, saying, "O massa — be *our*
 " slave. — Go my prince." —

" Yes, (interrupted Adolphus, dropping
 " likewise by his side,) Dear friend, take
 " Sambo to England: he was my father's
 " subject, and used to attend me when I was
 " an infant." —

I immediately consented to purchase him; though, being a fine healthy young man, I imagined his price was rather high, and your liberal presents, which would otherwise have enabled me to gratify our noble boy's request, were not in specie, so that I was but scantily provided for such an unexpected expence. However, it was impossible to resist the suggestions of humanity, pointed and enlivened as they were by the innocent pleader, and Adolphus joyfully congratulated the astonished negro on his success, attempting, at the same time, to raise him from his knees. Sambo spoke not, but stood mute and dejected. Lifting his eyes to the boat which contained
 his

his wife and child, he gazed on the affecting objects till they had reached the landing-place, while your son, with the eager benevolence of youth, was drawing him towards the cabin steps, that he might go down to receive some refreshment. But Sambo gently remained fixed and pensive, till again resuming his humble posture and wringing his hands — “ Sambo go England. — Live with prince. — No whip, “ no work like slave. — No. — Sambo “ stay.” —

Adolphus burst into tears, and, looking at me as if to read my thoughts, “ Oh ! “ Mr. Hamilton, you will not let Sambo “ stay to be a slave ? — Go with us, Sam- “ bo.—Oblige him to go, my dear friend.” — I was really distressed, and the more when the affectionate creature, kissing the prince’s hand, his heart apparently rising to his throat, with a tremulous voice, said, — “ Dear Massa, poor Sambo tank you, “ — but, Omra stay, me stay too. Work

“ all day, — fare hard, — all for poor Om-
“ ra. — Me go, who comfort her ? She
“ cry, man laugh. — She sick, tired, labor
“ all day, no one pity. — She call Sambo,
“ — Sambo gone. — Sink down. —
“ Die ! ” — He could say no more, but,
passing his arm over his face, strove to hide
or wipe off the swelling drops that would
force themselves a passage. The scene was
pitiable, but I continued silent ; when
Adolphus, as if impelled by some happy
thought, flew from us, ran down to his
chest, and presently returning with a par-
cel, — “ Here, (said he to the unhappy
“ man,) take this gold dust, it is all I have.
“ Go, lose no time, fetch her on-board.
“ We will all go to England together.”

Doubtless, Zimza will admire the gene-
rosity of this act, but what will he say to
Sambo ? who, pushing the treasure from
him, cried — “ Perish Omra, — perish
“ Sambo. — Me would serve my prince,
“ me would work, me would die, for him ;
“ but me will not make him poor.”

Who

Who could mortify the grandeur of an untaught soul, impelled alone by its native feelings? Who could check a liberality so amiable? How can the haughty masters of these wretched people account for such sublime affection, which, while dreading slavery worse than death, could brave its utmost fury, rather than desert a partner destined to the melancholy fate. — Again I was conquered, and, bidding Sambo take courage, told him means might yet be found to reunite him to his wife in the way most agreeable to his wishes. But now, when Adolphus explained what I said, his gratitude became more eloquent than his scanty knowledge of a few English words, acquired on his voyage, would permit and he employed every idiom of the Tonouwah language to express his delight. I soon quitted him, to try the success of a scheme which partly depended upon a sudden and well-timed impression.

Going, therefore, into the cabin, where I had left several opulent planters, who were come on-board to view the *cargo*, I mentioned, in a general way, the hardships of those females who superadded, to the sorrows of their own captivity, that of introducing to their helpless little ones such an unfortunate inheritance; and then strengthened my observations by a more particular description of the affair I had just witnessed. My remarks were received with the contemptuous half-concealed smiles of one of my auditors; but, not intimidated, I went on to paint in strong colours the sufferings of those poor creatures, and declared my intention to purchase Sambo, his wife and child, for the purpose of liberating them, and freely added my wishes that I could emancipate the whole cargo. A look of incredulous wonder went round; when the abovementioned person, who seemed more interested than the rest, observed,

served, that Sambo was his intended property, and he did not choose to give up such a valuable acquisition. —

“ It is owing (said another) to the false
“ indulgence these rascals meet with, from
“ people of Mr. Hamilton’s description,
“ that they so hardily defy the wholesome
“ severity so necessary to the keeping them
“ to their work. Idleness is a negro’s character ; and, if he will rather bear the
“ whip than exert his strength, are we to be
“ stigmatised with cruelty, if we endeavour
“ to cure them of that vice ?”

“ Prithee (answered the first) add fullness and pride to the charge, and you
“ then behold a complete African. — I
“ have a fellow on my plantation who
“ would lie down to receive correction. —
“ To be sure, my overseer went a little
“ too far, one morning, in his duty. But
“ it was his obstinacy that provoked him.
“ The villain got well enough in a fortnight. — There is nothing to be done
“ without it, gentleman ; nothing to be done.

“done. Here I give forty, fifty, sixty,
“pounds for a negro.—Well, he becomes
“my property, and consequently I shall
“do with him as I please; and let any of
“these soft-souled gentry condemn me
“for it, if *they* please. I have the law on
“my side. — Let the dogs work or take
“the consequence; and, as to the women,
“let them work too. — I am sure they
“cost us enough. — Depend upon it, if
“once we slacken in our discipline, it is
“all over with us.”

“True, sir, (said an elegant looking
“man, who had hitherto kept a strict si-
“lence, and whose friendship for our cap-
“tain only had procured us the honour of
“his company,) you are undoubtedly
“right in your assertion, that pride, ful-
“lenness, and even laziness, are too often
“to be met with in such a numerous body
“of untaught people. But does it follow
“that they are vices existing *only* in the
“disposition of a negro? Certainly not.
“I have

“ I have now upon *my* plantation a large
“ number of these poor despised *outcasts* of
“ nature, as a *tender-hearted* senator once
“ styled them. I will not explain *my* mode
“ of treatment, but I will tell you its *ef-*
“ *fects*. A justly-founded report has lately
“ prevailed that I am about to quit them.
“ Upon hearing which they struck their
“ tools, and, notwithstanding the com-
“ mands of an overseer, whom they were
“ accustomed strictly to obey, (and who
“ has not yet worn out *one last* in my ser-
“ vice,) they assembled at my gates, and,
“ unused to disguise their feelings, poured
“ forth such a mixture of groans, tears, and
“ lamentations, as would almost have sof-
“ tened the heart of ****, expressing so
“ much artless sorrow for, and so much
“ fear of, a change, which, from compari-
“ son, they conceived there was much rea-
“ son to dread, that I was obliged to sooth
“ what in general might have been severe-
“ ly corrected.”

“ Never

“ Never tell me, (interrupted the first speaker,) never tell me, Mr. *Sealy*, of indulgence, tenderness, and such cant, we must be rigorous, if we would be safe.” This conclusion was confirmed by a violent stroke on the table with his fist.

“ And are you certain (said I) that rigorous treatment will *always* produce the effect you mention? Take care, gentlemen, that the means you use to secure your interest prove not its destruction. The negroes are extremely numerous, and, should they once be roused to a sense of their undeserved usage, may be provoked to a dangerous revenge. I do not mean, at present, to descant on their equality, as that, in *my* estimation, admits not of a doubt. I shall take, for a moment, *your* side of the question, and ask, if you think our *beasts* of burthen would quietly submit to the yoke, if they were sensible of their own importance? Now, as you *must* allow these men the
“ possession

"possession of some degree of reason, is
 "there not danger to be feared (should
 "they act according to their feelings) that
 "a day *may* come when rebellion shall
 "tinge your land with blood, and the
 "wretched dependents, you so severely
 "force beyond their strength, turn with
 "fatal fury upon their masters? And
 "which of you, in such an instant, would
 "oppose himself to an enraged multitude?
 "Which of you (except Mr. Sealy) could
 "confidently appeal for protection to the
 "slaves of his own plantation, and exult
 "in the gentleness of that conduct, the
 "reward of which would be your certain
 "safety?"

Mortified, but unconvinced, they re-
 mained silent; and, as it was not so much
 my business to irritate their pride as to
 rouse a sense of interest, I adverted to my
 first subject, and calmly assured them it
 was Sambo's intention, if left upon the
 island in slavery, to free himself and family
 by

by a sudden death. (Something like this the poor man hinted to Adolphus.) This threat succeeded beyond expectation. The planter willingly gave them up upon terms more moderate than could have been supposed, and I found myself enabled to gratify my young friend in giving *liberty*, for such I may call it, to the objects of his benevolence.

We have taken Sambo's family on-board ~~and~~ but to paint their rapture in its true colours, as it breaks forth in every look and action to Adolphus, would be impossible; nor shall I particularise the share I take in their artless thanks. — Adieu, my noble friend. I shall trust this letter to a captain who is commissioned, for some secret but important reasons, to navigate the coast of Sierra Leona. An uncommon though fortunate circumstance this, as you know the difficulty attending a voyage from the West-Indies to Africa. — I imagine; notwithstanding those delays, they

they must reach you before the European ships. Adolphus sends every wish for Zimza's health and peace. Ever Yours

A. HAMILTON.

*Journal of Mr. HAMILTON's Voyage to
England.*

Port-Royal, May 17.

THE morning breaks with every prognostic of an approaching tempest. Pale sections of rainbows, with a dark crimson flush impressed upon the shifting clouds, give strong indications of stormy weather, which are still farther confirmed by a halo surrounding the just-risen sun.

Twelve o'Clock.

The ship is already under way; Adolphus comes down to say, we are out of the harbour. — I have been upon deck; the prospect is terrible. The wind, though fair, is dangerously boisterous. My young companion cannot keep his footing. He imputed the tossing of Smith's vessel to her inferior size; but he finds this, though of considerable

considerable burthen, equally agitated, perhaps in a more alarming manner, however, he smiles, nor can I perceive the least diminution of his courage. Not so Sambo; his eyes betray somewhat of apprehension, though it may arise from conjugal affection, for, sick and speechless, Omra clings to him as her only support. — I must quit my pen.

Twentieth.

I could write no longer; the winds, shifting, redoubled the turbulence of the waves, and prevented every possibility of continuing my employment. — In the state-room I was received by two passengers, who came on-board just before we hoisted anchor. The lady appears about fourteen, from the slight view I caught of her face, as she raised it from the shoulder of a gentleman, when I entered; but, sinking again into her former position, she seemed to shrink from observation. I expressed my concern for her apparent anguish.

guish.—“ She is unused to the violence of
 “ contending elements, (answered her ve-
 “ nerable supporter;) I have vainly en-
 “ deavoured to fortify her timorous mind
 “ against these occurrences, but cannot
 “ boast of my success.”

Methought, in the address of this stran-
 ger, I saw the soul and manner of an an-
 cient patriarch.—He possessed a profusion
 of *silver* hair; without hyperbole, I may
 truly call it such. His face was deeply
 indented with numerous furrows, but they
 gave a dignity to his features, which pos-
 sessed an angelical sweetness, tinged
 with a melancholy cast. His dress and
 deportment discovered him to be a clergy-
 man; and, from his engaging frankness,
 I soon learned he was returning from a
 mission among the Canadians, and came
 from Quebec to Jamaica for the purpose
 of conveying his orphan niece to Eng-
 land. The poor girl, with an affectionate
 motion, drew him closer to her, as if con-

scious of her helpless situation, saying
“ Oh! my uncle, deserted by you, I shall
“ be *indeed* an orphan.”

It was impossible to hold a connected conversation during a tempest which might have checked a stouter spirit than feminine delicacy could boast, and, leaving my new acquaintance to console his niece, I went in search of Adolphus.

On a coil of rope, regardless of the tumult and confusion around him, was reclined our beloved boy, his eyes fixed on Omra, who, in an agony of grief and fear, alternately cast the most piercing looks of despair on her pitying husband and dying infant, who, neglected in the middle passage, at a time when its mother was incapable of giving it proper attention, had contracted a complaint which threatened its speedy dissolution. A thoughtful sympathy had entirely banished your son's apprehension of his *own* danger, which was great enough, and he
appeared

appeared to feel for the unhappiness of his country-people, independent of any idea of his own situation.

A shriek from Omra, who that moment received on her lips the last breath of her departing child, roused Adolphus from his mournful meditation. He, I imagine, had never before seen death in human form. The contracted features and ghastly figure shocked him. Rising slowly, he came towards me, his head turned to the inanimate corpse, till we had descended to the cabin; he then covered his face with his hand: I observed him in silence, as you wished me, to give way to the operation of his nobler passions. He sat down upon the bed and broke into tears: for some minutes, they flowed unchecked, when, wiping them away, and looking stedfastly upon me.

But here I shall doubtless lay myself open to your censure, in confessing that the religion which, during so many years

residence in England, you could not imbibe, notwithstanding its evident purity, and your partiality for its sublime oracles, has already, through my explanation, attracted the notice and admiration of your child, and which (forgive me, Zimza) brightens the wild emanations of savage virtue, softens the rough though noble qualities of the untaught mind, refines and elucidates the conceptions of mistaken paganism, and heightens every native grace by its mild yet irresistible power over the human heart.—

I will proceed: “How terrible, (said he) “Mr. Hamilton! Omra kisses her “infant, but she cannot restore it to life. “They will fling it into the sea.—Tell “me”—He stopped and appeared confused; then resuming — “Pray, do you “think your God will take it? you know “poor Omra is not a Christian. She has “never heard of Christianity, except in the “name of those who forced her from
“home.

“ home. And I am sure an African can
 “ never think well of that religion which
 “ teaches the practice of such cruelty, ex-
 “ cept some good Mr. Hamilton would
 “ inform them of the difference between
 “ that and such of its professors as they
 “ have suffered by.”

“ If Omra (said I) had committed mur-
 “ der or any other unpardonable crime,
 “ in your *father's* kingdom, would *he*,
 “ think you, have punished her *offspring*
 “ for it? And do you imagine *our God*
 “ will have less mercy?”

He mused a little while; but, suddenly,
 clapping his hands together, joy sparkling
 in his eyes, “ I understand you, sir;
 “ Omra's child should not answer for her
 “ mother's ignorance. Oh! what a good
 “ God is your's!—Yes, yes, it will be
 “ happy.”—And then, hastening back to
 the steerage, whither I followed him, cried
 out, “ Do not grieve, Omra, do not la-

"ment, Sambo; your little one will go
 "to the Christians' God."

"What, (said the sorrowing father)
 "Taina be slave! No, better fishes eat
 "poor Taina than Christian man. — She
 "go sea; no whip there."

Adolphus eagerly entreated me to correct this unhappy mistake, but the increasing storm prevented my compliance.

The late tempest has subsided into a calm which lessens our hopes of a speedy passage, though it affords me the leisure I have wished for continuing my journal and instructing my pupil.—He reads with avidity, is fond of his pen, and listens with serious attention to lectures upon geography, but music is the food of his mind. Already he has mastered its first rudiments, and sings with a taste that must be seated in the soul, for there is a melody in his notes that prove their origin.

Twenty-Seventh.

This day has exhibited my impetuous ward under the guidance of passions

sions not altogether so laudable as those I have before exemplified, and yet the *motive* may plead, in some degree, for its consequence.—The morning proving extremely beautiful, we took our breakfast upon deck. By some accident, the cabin-boy overthrew the tea-kettle so near *me* that one of my legs received a painful share of its contents. Adolphus started up, before I could interfere, pursued the flying lad, and struck with such force as to dash him against the companion. Irritated by the hurt he had sustained, Anthony arose, and returned the blow with his utmost strength. The enraged Adolphus caught up a marlin-spike, (every feature agitated with insulted pride and anger,) and, swinging it backwards to give it full effect, I luckily snatched it from him. All the fierceness you so justly attributed to his disposition then inflamed his cheek and glared in his eye.—The dark crimson tint gave a savage appearance to his countenance.—I spoke

not a word, but forcibly detained him from farther conflict.

The captain, while I was thus employed, unmercifully kicked his offending servant off the deck.—“ Let me go, (said Adolphus, struggling) “ the son of Zimza “ is not used to correction from his inferiors; that blow shall be revenged.” His power was amazing for a youth only sixteen, but I found it necessary to repel his obstinacy by manual exertion.—

“ You do not use me well, Sir. You “ degrade me. Am I to crouch to a *dog*? “ the meanest even among the Europeans? Let me at least hide my shame “ below.”—

The object of his wrath had now escaped, and I liberated my prisoner. He sullenly quitted the witnesses of his disgrace; but I privately pursued him, and, perceiving his intention of shutting himself up in our small bed-room, quietly left

left this unhappy victim of violent passion to his melancholy meditations.

Two hours past e're I went down again, when, looking in, I saw him stretched upon the bed, his face downwards, and sobbing as though in danger of suffocation.—This was the time to forward a scheme I had concerted with the captain in the hope of conquering his rage by rousing his humanity. Entering therefore, I told the fullen youth he might now gratify his darling revenge by only going upon deck. He lifted up his head, spoke not, but again dropped upon the pillow.

“Your antagonist, (said I,) young sir, “waits but *your* presence to atone for his “mighty offence.” With an averted eye he slowly arose; but what an affecting struggle of contradictory though natural emotions his countenance exhibited!

Soon as Adolphus approached the deck, pity and terror became predominant. No wonder,

wonder, when he beheld the boy tied up to the shrouds, his back stripped, the boatswain standing close behind, with a *cat* in his hand, all the ship's crew attending, while the captain, in a stern voice, insisted the rascal's shoulders should not be spared, for daring to insult an African prince. This, with poor Anthony's petitions for pardon, accompanied with streaming tears, completed the solemn attack upon Adolphus's tenderness, and gratified my anxious care. The triumph of pride was no more. The natural goodness of his heart burst forth. Lifting up his hands in extreme agony, he exclaimed, "Take him down, this instant take him down.—Am *I* — am I the cause of this terrible preparation? Oh! release him, release him, or I shall expire.—Hear me, Mr. Hamilton. I know *you* are angry with me, for you do not think me worth expostulation.—Yet can you
"refuse

“refuse to hear me? On my knees I solicit that unhappy creature’s pardon.”

“That *unhappy creature* (said I, in a cold unmoved accent) you have said was but a *dog*, a European; nor can you wonder at *our* treatment of *your* people, who so freely return the shocking contempt.”

In his artless eagerness to be heard, he clapped his hands together with a strange quick motion. “I know, I know, I have been wrong, very wrong. I know I am not worthy of your attention. But this once, only this once, accept my petition.”—

“Strike,” commanded the captain. The boatswain advanced the tremendous *cat*, which forcibly imprinted its marks upon Anthony’s naked back. A loud shriek testified his reception of this unwelcome application. The captain fiercely ordered the strokes to be repeated. Two more followed, in slow succession. Adolphus

phus grew frantic, and crawled on his knees towards the arbiter of Anthony's fate. "Stop (he cried) that merciless fellow. I know you will forgive *him* if "Mr. Hamilton will pardon me." Then, in the same humiliating posture, returning to me, who was negligently leaning against the ship's side,—“You tell me, “sir, that *your* God is a God of mercy; “that he passes by, upon proper application, the greatest injuries; and that *we* “must imitate *him*. Look upon me, Mr. “Hamilton; pray turn this way. Oh! “that I was with my dear father.” He paused, to wipe away the flowing tears, then resuming, “Come, beloved friend,—“you was *once* my friend; be so still; “shew me that you believe what yourself “has told me.”—Then, looking up,—“Oh! God of the Europeans, will *you* “not hear me? Pardon poor Anthony, “and pity me. Surely our faults are not “too great for thee to overlook.”

I could bear it no longer. It was the crisis I waited for. And, indeed, I began to be alarmed for him, as his color went and came, his whole frame trembled, and he appeared overwhelmed with despair. The captain, in pursuance of a nod from me, released the criminal. I raised my humbled penitent, who with a look of gratitude shook hands with the boy, and seemed ready to bathe with tears the discoloured shoulders of his suffering partner in affliction, and emptied his pockets of all his treasure, as a compensation for the evils he had brought upon him, also adding, likewise, his free and ready acknowledgement of his own censurable violence. It was not my intention to carry this tragical scene so far *merely* to conquer my companion's haughty spirit, but our captain assured me Anthony had been so intolerably saucy, for several days, that he only waited a suitable opportunity to show his resentment, and that he doubted not but

but the effect might be equally salutary to them both.

It was matter of much consolation to Adolphus that the whole business had passed unnoticed by the other passengers, Miss St. Leger being confined by indisposition, while Mr. Hawkins remained employed in reading and meditation in his own little cabin.

June the Second.

We have this day, for the first time, met altogether at table. Mr. Hawkins shews a discriminating attachment to Adolphus, who looks up to him as to a superior being; a circumstance which gives me real pleasure, as it is highly necessary the youth should conceive an exalted opinion of the professors of a faith so well calculated to inspire humility and reverence towards its sincere votaries. You may perceive I freely own my intention of making the knowledge of our pure religion a part of your son's studies. The agreeable St.
Leger

Leger claims likewise his particular notice, which I shall certainly encourage, as she appears delicate and sensible. An air of Creolian dignity is sweetly tempered with a modest cheerfulness, which now and then broke through the gloom that shaded her features.

During the short interval before dinner was served up, Adolphus, unconscious of any impropriety, asked me if *all* the European ladies were as pretty as Miss St. Leger; adding his wish to find them so.

“*All*, my dear, (said Mr. Hawkins) “makes that wish rather too capacious.”

“True, (I answered;) but my young “friend has not yet met with any one to “make his observation unnatural.

“No, Sir, (rejoined Adolphus,) for I “cannot, at present, judge from comparison, except you permit me to mention “my mother, who was as handsome as this “young lady, and as good as Mr. Ha- “milton.”

Insensible

Insensible to the confusion which deepened almost to crimson the cheek of her he so ardently complimented, he was going on, when the entrance of a gentleman who had likewise, till now, been confined by some complaint, interrupted his remarks, and, chilled by the frigid aspect and sordid manner of this stranger, Adolphus intuitively, as it were, shrunk behind my chair, as the formidable gentleman approached the table. Accosting Mr. Hawkins with a rude contempt, he passed him to make his compliments to Miss St. Leger, who arose without ceremony and, evidently shunning him, walked composedly round to the other side of the table.—Thus situated, it was impossible to force a conversation, and dinner passed with unusual tediousness, but the departure of Mr. Abrams relieved us from the disagreeable embargo his presence had laid upon our tongues, and we again became socially pleasant.

The

The serenity of the evening inducing Mr. Hawkins to accompany Adolphus upon deck, while Miss St. Leger was amusing herself below with a guitar, and Abrams offering a potent libation to Bacchus, our venerable companion took the opportunity of explaining the nature of our fellow-voyager's connection with the family, as far at least as it had reached his knowledge. "You would scarcely believe, Mr. Hamilton, (said he,) that a being of that description is entrusted with the person and very large fortune of my dear niece; for my power is little more than nominal; mentioned, indeed, in my poor sister's will, as the person of her choice to superintend the sweet orphan, to protect and accompany her to England. Engaged for two years in a mission among the Canadians, and with tolerable success; I thought not of returning to Europe, till a letter, explaining Mrs. St. Leger's death

“ death and the necessity of my presence
 “ at Port-Royal, occasioned me reluct-
 “ antly to quit the honest creatures, who
 “ distinguished the moment of my depar-
 “ ture with tears of unfeigned esteem.
 “ In five weeks I arrived at Jamaica, and
 “ found Mary Ann in a state little short
 “ of distraction.”

“ Save me, my uncle, (she cried, in an
 “ impetuous tone,) save your child from
 “ that terrible man.”

“ She turned away from me upon the
 “ entrance of Mr. Abrams, who, without
 “ any previous preparation, opened his
 “ commission, saying,

“ So, sir, your name, I suppose, is Haw-
 “ kins, brother to the late Mrs. St. Leger?”

“ I was affected, but he went on.”

“ Humph ; perhaps you come to claim
 “ a part of your sister’s effects ; but I be-
 “ lieve you will not dispute my right to
 “ the management of those and of her
 “ daughter’s future establishment, when
 “ you read this will.”

“ I

" I took it, and, to my utter surprise,
 " found it was a copy of the general's,
 " made within three weeks of his fatal
 " death, which justified this man in his asser-
 " tions. He then gave me another parch-
 " ment, expressive of my sister's desire to
 " join me in the sacred trust.

" That a stranger to us all, a man
 " whose origin was mean, his disposition
 " selfish, his literary acquirements ex-
 " tremely circumscribed, and his pecuni-
 " ary advantages limited to a spare medi-
 " ocrity, should be fixed upon by my bro-
 " ther for the protector of his darling, was
 " inexplicable, but it was incontrover-
 " tible, and I could only lament the fate
 " of my amiable niece, who informed me
 " that, about a year and a half before her
 " mother's death, this man arrived from
 " America, where her noble father lost
 " his life ; that he had several private au-
 " diences with Mrs. St. Leger, whose
 " early dislike soon fixed in a settled aver-
 " sion ;

“ fion ; and that ſhe would often ſigh and
“ weep, when called to a conference with
“ him. Once, looking inexpressibly affec-
“ tionate upon her child, ſhe cried, ‘ Hea-
“ ven preſerve thy innocence and peace.
“ O my child, thy dear miſguided fa-
“ ther !’

“ This paſſed only three days before her
“ demife, which no ſooner happened than
“ Abrams came, and took poſſeſſion of
“ every thing as ſole executor. His im-
“ perious vulgarity formed in her boſom
“ an inveterate diſlike. She alſo ſuſpected,
“ from the diſpatch attending every tranſ-
“ action, that he meant to leave Jamaica
“ before I could arrive, and, ſhocked by
“ ſome flagrant exertions of his autho-
“ rity, ſhe wrote privately to me, under
“ the impreſſion that I might reſtrain a
“ wretch, who I dread is devoid of prin-
“ ciple.—Certainly, Mr. Hamilton, when
“ I conſider this dear girl’s helpleſs ſitua-
“ tion, my heart is weighed down with af-
“ fliction.

“ fiction. Delicate, generous, nobly,
“ too nobly spirited, how will she submit
“ to a situation so different from that she
“ has hitherto enjoyed! Unused to con-
“ troul, born, as it were, to command,
“ nay to consider herself as equal to the
“ greatest upon the island, how will she
“ endure an association where low-minded
“ people form every part in it, and act as
“ her superiors? It is true, Abrams
“ might possibly be induced, from for-
“ did motives, to give up the guardian-
“ ship of her person, but—(he hesitated)
“ *I have no proper residence for such an*
“ *amiable creature. Misfortunes and dis-*
“ *appointments, perhaps an imprudent*
“ *disregard to worldly wealth, have de-*
“ *prived me even of that power which*
“ *contributes to convenience and creates*
“ *respect. And—but this is an ungrate-*
“ *ful theme.*

He wiped his eyes.—“ Now, then, sir,
“ do you think there is any method by

“ which the safety, honour, and tranquillity, of my niece may be secured ?.”

The pause this interesting question induced was immediately ended by Adolphus, whose feelings dictated the effusions of his heart. “ Do not, (he cried,) my dear Mr. Hamilton, do not let the sweet lady go with that ill-looking man. Why cannot you take her home with us ?”

The venerable man smiled through a tear. “ I wish, indeed, (he said) she had such a protector.—But I must submit.”

He sighed. Adolphus shifted his position.—Left us—returned almost instantly,—and, looking in my face, with that fascinating expression so natural to him,—“ I have been thinking, sir, (he whispered,) that this difficulty may be easily removed. Suppose you were to ask Mr. Hawkins to live with us as my tutor. The poor gentleman, perhaps, has no where to go.” And then, without waiting

ing for my answer, he turned to Mr. Hawkins, who had overheard the proposal, "Do, sir, pray let us have your company. I am sure my guardian will take care of you."

I was really struck at this abrupt attack upon the delicacy of the worthy divine, who appeared much confused, first casting his eye upon your son, then on me, while his bosom heaved as though struggling to repress a painful gratitude. I could not bear it, but, taking his hand, entreated him to forgive the undisguised bluntness which had attended this proposal. — "Forgive! (he repeated,) Oh! Saviour of the world, what a term is this!"

I went on to say, that, as Adolphus had abruptly touched a theme so tender, he must permit me to enquire in what way we could most certainly have the happiness of relieving his private sorrows. That settled, we would advert to his paternal

solicitude respecting Miss St. Leger's singular situation. He drew his hand from mine, and, holding it before his eyes, I saw drops of anguish trickle between his fingers.

Adolphus cast a timid glance at me, as though fearful he had done wrong, and was stealing off, but Mr. Hawkins, as he was passing, caught him by the arm, saying, "Do not go, my sweet boy. Why
" should false pride prevent the confidence such goodness ought to inspire?
" Mr. Hamilton and you, my beloved
" girl excepted, are the only beings in
" this creation who take the smallest interest in my welfare. Know, then, that
" a teacher of the gospel, one who has endeavoured to communicate to others
" the blessings of that faith which has
" been a source of consolation through
" every event, scarcely can tell where to
" lay his head. An imprudent, I hope not
" a censurable, liberality, while resident
" in

“ in Canada, induced me to distribute
“ what I then possessed wherever it was
“ wanted, as my sister had given me every
“ reason to expect a considerable legacy.
“ But what was my disappointment, to
“ find a stranger invested with power to
“ shut her once friendly doors against me!
“ Indeed, I blush to say, I am forced to
“ restrain a laudable indignation excited
“ by the illiberal conduct of Abrams, lest
“ he should refuse to pay my passage.”

Adolphus now threw himself into his arms, and sobbed out, “ Ah! poor old
“ man, and have you no comfortable
“ home? Must I be kept in splendour
“ and attended, while you who deserve
“ every thing must suffer such hardships?
“ Dear Mr. Hamilton, be not offended
“ at my vehemence. Let him live with
“ you.”

“ It shall be so, my noble Adolphus;
“ Mr. Hawkins must add to our social
“ pleasures in Finsbury Square. We will
“ try

“to steal his sorrows from his heart, and
“endeavour to establish in their room
“permanent content.”

“Thank you, dear sir, (said the de-
“lighted boy.)—But you will not let him
“be obliged to that mean fellow for his
“passage.”

“He shall not, my love.”—Then ad-
dressing the astonished gentleman —
“Come then, good sir, comply with my
“guardian’s invitation. Won’t you? Do
“tell me that you will.”

Mr. Hawkins was quite overwhelmed.
But his young benefactor, attributing his
silence to mortified pride, went on. “No
“one will upbraid you for accepting this
“offer. No one shall. Do speak. Say
“we shall all be one family. Upon my
“knees I ask your acquiescence.”

“Heavenly pleader, (exclaimed the dis-
“tressed minister,) rise. I cannot bear
“such excess of goodness. Christians,
“Christians, profit by so rare an example!

“Do

“Do with me as you please, my child.

“But what——”

The unwelcome approach of the inebriated Abrams stopped him, and changed the object of Adolphus's attention. Indignation contracted his pretty mouth, and lowered on his brow. I would not suffer him to stay any longer upon deck, fearful his impetuosity should surmount the very small share of artificial politeness which he possesses, and break forth in some bitter invective against a brutality so opposite to his sense of justice and probity.

Our voyage, from this period, proved smooth, prosperous, and uninteresting, and we arrived safely in the

Downs, England, July 5.

Nothing material occurring during the last month, I shall close my *sea* journal with the past four days observations, and take the opportunity of the first ship bound to your coast to transmit what I have

have written. Since we entered the Channel Adolphus has been pleasingly employed in surveying shores so different from those which skirt his father's dominions. The beautiful variety of bold cliffs, level lands, hills ascending from the latter, covered with woods, cattle browsing near the edges of the former, with here and there a magnificent mansion, lofty spires, and lonely cottages, give him inexpressible delight. While passing near Portland, I gave him a concise description of the loss of the *Halsewell*, in which perished the major part of an unfortunate family, with some of their friends. He heard me with a tear, but was at a loss to imagine how a vessel, constructed to baffle the force of fiercer winds and waves than those which completed its destruction, should so soon be wrecked. Adolphus is not the first, I believe, who has ventured a question upon that melancholy business, but it seems

seems to be beyond the power of elucidation.

The smiling aspect of that world in miniature, the Isle of Wight, gave a more cheerful turn to his contemplation. It was intended to run along the south side of that island, but, impeded by nautical reasons, we made our way with some difficulty between the Needles, which afforded fresh gratification to my ward's curiosity. I stood with him upon deck while sailing through the noblest fleet, (ships, officers, and sailors, included in the eulogium,) that ever gave its protection to this nation. Though desirous of reaching London, we could not resist the opportunity of admiring the strict discipline observed in a ship of war; and, in consequence of an invitation from Capt. Mann, of the Bedford, accompanied by my young charge, I went on-board. The chair was hoisted out, but Adolphus, looking upon it with contempt, caught hold of a rope, depending

depending from the ladder, sprung with his usual agility up the side, and received the polite commander's compliments with sense and spirit.

The officers, whose day it was to dine in the great cabin, were evidently pleased with our young African's pointed observations upon every part of the vessel that fell under his inspection, and answered his enquiries with cheerful frankness. The quiet subordination, cleanliness, and contented looks, of the sailors, confirmed the excellent character given of their captain for his skill and management in the department he so worthily filled.

Those sparks of a warlike genius which you and I have often observed in your son's ardent countenance, when listening to my descriptions of European contests, now broke forth in all their brilliancy, beamed in his eyes, actuated his manner, and animated every question, particularly when the ordnance was discharged, in consequence

consequence of some illustrious visitors, who honoured the admiral of that division with their presence. He was in a delirium of pleasure, nor would stir from the quarter-deck, (a post nearest the ship whose guns were firing,) till the ceremony was finished; but, too soon awakened by the information that our boat waited, with intelligence that the Frederick was under sail, he could scarcely articulate his thanks to captain Mann for his elegant reception and slowly descended with visible reluctance.

As we were just leaving the above-mentioned station, a boat was seen sailing swiftly after us, and, hailing our vessel, demanded the names and number of our men. The captain, who had no resource, suffered them quietly to come on-board, and had the mortification to see his best seamen taken from him. Their reluctance to leave the ship, and the tears of several, who were just, (as they supposed,) on the point

point of meeting wives and children whom a long absence had doubly endeared, convinced Adolphus that the practice of making *slaves* was not confined to the West-Indies. He ran down at the instant I was quitting my pen to enquire the cause of the unusual tumult. "Oh! sir, (he cried,) we are all lost. Sambo and "Omra will be taken. Nay, I too shall "be enslaved. The planters are come to "purchase us, and that wicked captain "has sold his men."

I had not time to undeceive the poor boy, before we reached the place of action; nor indeed could I perfectly comprehend his meaning, for we were positively assured, at Spithead, that the press-warrants were recalled, as the ships had received their full complement. However, I was quick enough to see several unhappy fellows, awed by a naked cutlass, pensively and sullenly lowering themselves into the boat. This sight transported
Adolphus

Adolphus beyond any consideration of his own safety. His face was inflamed. His eye shot fire. "I thought, (said he, "haughtily,) England was a land of *freedom*, and that you made no slaves "here"

"Slaves, young gentleman, (answered "the lieutenant, sheathing his cutlas, and "looking as if he were ashamed of the "business,) no, no; these men are going "to fight for their king and country."

"But they do not like to go, sir; they "wish to visit their families. It is a long "time since they saw them."

"That reason will not man our fleet, "my pretty lad."

"What, then, they are compelled to "go."

"Compelled, nonsense! We *press* them, "it is true; but they will think nothing "of it in four-and-twenty hours."

"*Press* them! What is that?"

“ Why oblige them to go : and if they
“ make any resistance,—”

“ You kill them, I imagine.”

“ You have strange notions, my brave
“ boy, but not quite right in your
“ guesses. Do you take us for savages ?”

“ No more *palaver*, (interrupted an-
“ other, who seemed equal to the first
“ that spoke,) bear-a-hand, and let's be
“ gone.”

Adolphus turned an awful look upon
this true son of the waves, “ And will you
“ take these men from their wives and
“ children ? Can you answer it to your
“ conscience ?”

“ Conscience, Captain Bounce ? You
“ and your conscience be——. Time
“ enough when we have done with
“ them.”

“ And when will that be ?”

“ O, all's one for that ; perhaps when
“ the war's over.”

Shocked

Shocked at this unnecessary rudeness, your son lifted his eye towards me, crying, "*And yet these people make no slaves!*" "O! Mr. Hamilton, take me home again. "What a world is yours. I do not like "it. Let me not stay to witness such barbarity." He then wept with such violence as to abate his passion, though he continued low and very uneasy the rest of the day. In the evening, resuming the subject which apparently occupied his mind, he composedly demanded if there was no gentler method of supplying our ships with seamen. "Certainly, (I replied,) "we have many more volunteers than "pressed men."

"What a cruel hardship, then, to frustrate the sweet hopes of visiting their native land, and, instead of enjoying your boasted British liberty, to be dragged, like a poor African, from all that makes life desirable."

I could not help asking why he should think that circumstance more cruel endured by another, which I knew himself would eagerly embrace. He readily answered, " Because in me it would be an act of choice ; besides, I might be able to procure an honourable distinction."

" Not so, Adolphus ; what think you of a royal prince, who went through, in a regular gradation, every office, even that of midshipman, before he arrived at his present exalted station in the navy ? But to return. Is it not possible for another to reconcile himself to serve in what you think a glorious establishment."

" Not if family connections interfere."

" Then how can you covet a profession that would hurt a parent's feelings ?"

" This is flying from the subject, my good sir : you cannot argue effectually in support of a practice which every feeling heart must pronounce to be inhuman."

“ human. Besides, did not the man you
 “ called a lieutenant say, they were taken
 “ to fight *for* their king and country?”

“ Certainly, my dear.”

“ Monstrous expectation! From whence
 “ are they to derive that vigour and cou-
 “ rage free-will must naturally inspire?”

“ O child, necessity is a sufficient sub-
 “ stitute, in this instance, for free-will:
 “ They cannot run away from an enemy’s
 “ broadside, nor avoid returning it from
 “ their own ship. I have now in contem-
 “ plation an instance which occurred on-
 “ board the *Bedford*, whose men you so
 “ much admired for their *cheerful* appear-
 “ ance. A young man *, who was taken
 “ in the manner you just now witnessed,
 “ taken in the moment of premature ex-
 “ pectation, picturing to his imagination
 “ a tender mother waiting to embrace the
 “ son she had not seen for a tedious in-
 “ terval, friends, relations, all eager to
 “ give him the warmest welcome. The

F 3

“ breezes

* The Author’s son.

“breezes swell their sails. The white
 “cliffs of Albion, dimly discovered, in-
 “flame his wishes. Hope animates his
 “endeavours to make the shore,—when a
 “frigate appears in sight. Happy to
 “meet an English ship, he hails her in
 “joyful terms. Speedily she boards the
 “vessel.”

“Well, sir, (said my impatient compa-
 “nion,) and how did his hopes, wishes,
 “and expectations, terminate?”

“As you doubtless guess, Adolphus. A
 “press-gang, unfeeling, unconscious of
 “the misery they were about to inflict,
 “and unmindful of the passengers entrea-
 “ties, the captain’s remonstrances, or the
 “sailors petitions, swept off the best of the
 “crew, among whom this young fellow,
 “blushing for the tear his disappointment
 “extorted, sullenly seated himself in the
 “boat, and, with a heart almost bursting
 “with indignation, took an unwilling
 “farewel of those he left behind.”

“O! sir,

“ O ! fir, do you think this example
“ can lessen my abhorrence of such ty-
“ ranny ?”

“ Patience, Adolphus. Not long after,
“ this identical youth was noticed by cap-
“ tain Mann, rated a midshipman, and,
“ in the polite attention of his superior of-
“ ficers, found a compensation for all his
“ sorrows.”

“ And what became of the others ?”

“ I do not know, my dear.”

“ Ah ! fir, they were not *all* made *miship-*
“ *men*. However, if *they* fought for their
“ king and country, it is more than *I*
“ would do. And I am sure your king
“ would be more faithfully served if this
“ horrid imposition was disallowed ; for
“ indeed I can see very little, nay, not
“ any, difference, between the custom
“ which authorises a man to enslave his
“ fellow-creatures, for the purpose of
“ making him work, or that which forces
“ him against his inclination to fight.”

I could no longer defend a practice, so inimical to the general character of our people, against the artless argument of inexperienced reason, and Adolphus triumphed in his victory. Though I fear the knowledge of this unlucky transaction will not assist my endeavour to fix in his bosom an exalted opinion of British philanthropy.

The Hope.

A fortunate opportunity presents to send my tedious journal by the Pallas, captain Wingman, who lies along-side waiting for the tide. I shall resign my pen to your son, who is anxious to display his improvements.

A HAMILTON.

ADOLPHUS to his FATHER.

HEALTH, peace, and glory, crown the illustrious Zimza's days.—O! my father, with what eagerness do I look forward to the period when I can pour my heart and soul into thy bosom, by the ingenious invention

invention which already empowers me to thank the friend of my fame, the illustrious Zimza, for the blessing of a faithful teacher, a careful guardian, an affectionate companion, in our respected Mr. Hamilton. One word more; I have not yet seen, among Europeans, more probity, more sincerity, no, nor yet more generosity, than graces the court of Tonouwah.

Adieu, noble father,

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON to ZIMZA.

Finsbury-Square, August 1.

THE packet I have just received by the way of Jamaica nearly deprives me of my boasted confidence in Zimza's rectitude. What mean these shocking suspicions, these unjust accusations? Know, sir, that *all* truth, *all* humanity, have not yet fled from Britain to your African shores. Rash man, what induces these groundless complaints? Have you so little

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little confidence in the friend you so liberally trusted? Let Adolphus, your gentle Adolphus, witness to his guardian's honour. Poor lad, he weeps for your imbecility "Write, (he says,) dear sir, "write to my afflicted father. *Who shall* "comfort if you neglect? Pity, Oh pity, "the noble Zimza."

I can only say, farther, that it is my hope these few lines will make you blush for the insult offered to

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON.

To his revered Parent, from ADOLPHUS.

MY father, my sorrowing father, look upon this paper, blotted with the tears of thy child.—Our good Mr. Hamilton is offended, Zimza is wretched, and shall not Adolphus be miserable? O! how many days, nay weeks, must pass, darkened with the cloud of despair! What is this new world, its wonders, magnificence, and dissipation, to a creature

creature struggling with the weight of a parent's sorrows? Had I the speed of an ostrich,—but what would that do? Hasten then, with artificial wings, the vessel that shall carry comfort to Tonouwah's king. Lightly mayest thou skim the vast Atlantic, nor remit thy swiftness till thy sails shall flutter to the breeze that cools our glowing sands. Adieu, beloved parent,

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

ZIMZA, *King of TONOUWAH, to A. HAMILTON.*

[*The Journal and last Letter not received.*]

Tenth Moon.

WERE Adolphus Hamilton witness to Zimza's humility and gratitude. Would he not forgive the unjust rashness of my doubts, when he considered that excessive tenderness had superseded reason, and wild apprehension offended against

against probability? How bitter was the anguish of my soul when groundless distrust had devoted Adolphus to misery, and his guardian to the triumph of treachery!

Filled with such afflicting apprehensions, I passed three tedious moons, when the time advanced that several ships were expected from England. I went down to the Gambia. They were arrived. European streamers waved to the wind. The infamous traffic was begun, and soon, too soon, was completed. They departed, but anguish *yet* occupied my soul. Again I returned to the harbour. "It may be some mistake, (I exclaimed;) some letter may have miscarried." My heart throbbed at the suggestion. A vessel, whose colours I could not decypher, dropped her anchor. I watched impatiently her boat, which quickly reached the shore, when a stranger approaching, with a small packet in his hand, enquired the readiest road

road for Tonouwah. I darted towards him, crying, "Are these for me?" and caught hold of the parcel.

"If, (said he,) you are king of Toncu-
"wah,"

"And father of Adolphus," added I.

O! Hamilton, where was African fortitude? Cold sweats bedewed my face; I sunk to the earth. The man respected my grief. He spoke words of consolation. He assured me my son was thy chief care, while at Port-Royal; that his rank, his beauty, and disposition, must procure him admirers even in the midst of enemies.

"I knew, (said I,) I knew he would
"be noticed, but—"

"Read, illustrious Zimza," interrupted the stranger.—Yes, he guessed right, for the blessed intelligence was calculated to remove every doubt, and he beheld my agitation with seeming pain; but, though my fears were dispelled, and my hopes
confirmed,

confirmed, yet my *grief* remained—it had only changed its object—and now flowed from another source to Zimza's soul. Cruel, hasty, and misjudging, what language did I write ! What wilt thou say to my horrible suspicions, so basely thrown upon thyself and country ? But thou wilt pity my weakness, thou wilt forgive my anxiety. If not, return, oh ! return, the keenest reproaches, Zimza will bend to the correction of his injured friend. . . .

And so thou openly declarest thy intention of making Adolphus a Christian. Thinkest thou Zimza would not have adopted the solemn doctrine, had he not witnessed the infidelity, luxury, and carelessness, of its professors ? When I read thy law, I admire its sublime morality, and when I contemplate the character of him thou callest its glorious Founder, his dignified patience, benevolence, and spotless meekness, under his cruel sufferings and death, they forcibly impress on my
mind

mind an origin more than human. But when I observe how small the influence of these noble principles, even in the conduct of many of your priesthood, and how weak their power in guiding the practice of a great majority of those who profess to be members of the Christian church, I am again involved in doubts and uncertainty.

However, I am not mortally offended at thy resolution to confirm in my son those principles his father does not wholly reject. Be it thy care, my friend, so to manage that his path may be clear and plain. Let him not be bewildered by casuistical disputes. Enough will he hazard, in the practice of your faith, as king of Tonouwah, nor must his future subjects guess even at the important secret. Adieu, worthy Hamilton ; may Adolphus, by his subsequent conduct, reward thy care, tenderness, and affection. I would have remarked upon the ardent propensities he
has

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has already discovered, but Azilli interrupts me to say, the boat waits to take my letter on-board.

Z I M Z A .

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON *to* ZIMZA.

Finsbury-Square, August 3.

HOW soon repentance follows the rashness of premature decision ! Unhappy Zimza ! Were not your own distresses acute enough, but I must sharpen them by impatient nay cruel remonstrances ? For too plainly I see you have not received my epistle dated from Port-Royal.

You will certainly shed tears over my hasty note, which will doubtless reach you before the concession of misjudging anger, for I wrote the unfriendly lines in presence of a captain who sailed the evening after. There is only one hope that supports us,
namely,

namely, that my journal, now on its passage, may prepare you for the insulting letter. Ill-governed passion, thus to point the anguish which the intelligence of our boy's safety would otherwise have softened;—for well I know that pride of soul which will keenly feel the sarcasms of friendship.

Adolphus joins in the earnest wish that you will forgive his guardian, and assure yourself that absence, if possible, encreases my esteem, and his dutiful affection.

A. HAMILTON.

Journal continued.

Finsbury-Square.

THE last day of our nautical expedition, my young companion's attention was agreeably attracted by the various scenes our Thames affords, and I could scarcely induce him to quit the deck at dinner-time.—But as want of *natural* politeness is not among his little failings, he

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acceded to my wish of meeting our fellow-passengers, and the meal passed with tolerable sociality.

Before we separated, I requested Mr. Abrams's attention for a moment, as he was about to quit the table.

"*Mine*," said he, hastily, and re-seated himself, with an impatient stare, from which I could deduce no favourable omen. Miss St. Leger turned pale, Mr. Hawkins attempted to hide the trepidation my attack had excited, and indeed I felt a degree of awkwardness, while opening a subject from which I could expect but little success. "I have understood, sir, (said I,) in the course of our voyage, that you have been appointed, by this young lady's father, to the care of her person and fortune."

"Well, sir, and what then?" — The haughty independence with which he spoke was discouraging, but I went on :

"And

“ And that her mother, in her will,
 “ particularly expressed a wish to join this
 “ gentleman in the important trust. This
 “ would undoubtedly be a more natural
 “ establishment, as it respects the propri-
 “ ety of subjecting a delicate girl to the
 “ care of a prudent and virtuous rela-
 “ tion.”

“ *Prudent and virtuous* I do not under-
 “ stand.”—

“ I believe not, but hear me out. The
 “ justice I would do Mr. Hawkins depre-
 “ ciates not *your* consequence, nor can *his*
 “ claim to those qualities lessen *yours*.——
 “ What I would offer to your consideration
 “ is this : I am aware that it is in Miss St.
 “ Leger’s power to chuse another guar-
 “ dian ; in which case, her election would,
 “ doubtless, fall on her mother’s brother.”

He arose, filled a pipe, sat down again,
 applied it to his mouth unlighted, threw
 it upon the table, bit his lip, and looked
 contemptuously at Mr. Hawkins, while

something like detected guilt flushed his yellow cheek, muttering, "This is strange! devilish strange! What business have you, sir, (raising his voice,) with my concerns?"

"Patience, Mr. Abrams. I shall soon release you; but you *must* hear my proposal."

"Well, sir." And the pipe was again applied the bottom upwards.—

"Which is merely this, that you will quietly resign your ward to Mr. Hawkins, who tells me his confined circumstances will not permit that liberality in the exercise of such a trust as her fortune might demand or his affection enforce. I have only then to observe, that it becomes you, sir, either to enable her uncle to fulfil the duties of his charge, by an appointment out of your own large legacy, or to give up such sums from your ward's possessions as may suffice for this purpose."

"May

"May I perish, if I do." And he dashed the pipe against the stove. But his eager desire to express his anger almost choaked him. He pushed his wig backwards with such violence that it deserted his head and fell to the ground. The form of his features took a most spiteful cast, and, turning round to his poor ward, who trembled universally, "Pray, Miss, (he cried,) who put *you* upon this fine contrivance?—" "But I can guess.—That gentleman is at the bottom of this scheme. I am pretty well acquainted with his reason for wanting you to live with him. But let me tell *you*, sir," addressing me—

"Be composed, Mr. Abrams. Put on your wig, and sit down."

"I will not sit down in such company. I see your aim. But it will not do, gentlemen, it will not do. I am not to be wheedled in this manner. Let Mr. Hawkins do his worst, Sam Abrams defies him. He has ruined himself by his *charitable* ex-

“travagance, and must abide by it. No,
 “no, (shaking the wig as he settled it,) I
 “will have nothing to do with him. All
 “he can expect is what I promised, only to
 “pay his passage. That is all, indeed.”

“And that is more than he shall receive,” said Adolphus, who interrupted, by his impetuosity, a spirited retort from Mr. Hawkins, if I may judge from his sudden change of attitude and countenance.

A contemptuous marked grin was Abrams’s reception of this ill-timed effusion, as he quitted the cabin. Before we could make any arrangement respecting Miss St. Leger her persecutor again entered, to inform her a boat waited to convey themselves and baggage to Spital-Fields. She addressed her uncle in a tone of frantic despair, and, clasping his hands, “My
 “father, my friend, my only dear relation,
 “let me not leave you. I will go with
 “my

“ my uncle, Mr. Abrams. Who dare
“ controul me ? ”

“ I shall, miss, if so be as you do not
“ come quietly.”

“ My dearest love, (said her sympa-
“ thising uncle,) you must go with that
“ man. I have no legal authority to de-
“ tain you.”

“ The Creolian spirit again burst forth.
“ And where, (she exclaimed, haughtily,)
“ is the daughter of general St. Leger to
“ live ? What infamous residence hast
“ thou chosen for my abode ?—Sir, (to
“ me) I have a fortune sufficient to keep
“ me in splendour, but this person, under
“ the pretence of accumulating riches I
“ cannot consume, would deny me the
“ elegancies, nay the conveniences, of
“ life.”

“ Very well, very well, miss. I shall only
“ say, in contradiction to your rude asser-
“ tion, that I have a good house in Spital-
“ Fields, and a smart little box near
“ White-Chapel, so there’s town and

“ coutry for you, if you know your own
“ mind.”

I saw rage gathering again on his brow, and, knowing his prerogative to be extensive, I chose not to irritate him any further. I therefore added my entreaties to her uncle's, that she would reconcile herself to this uncomfortable establishment. She submitted in mute anguish ; but, when Abrams offered his hand to lead her out, your son's passion again broke forth. “ You will not let her go, sir? Let me
“ plead for the young lady. Do not suf-
“ for her to go with that wicked man.”

“ And who told you I am wicked,
“ boy ;” glancing a menacing look at Mr. Hawkins. “ Be silent, Adolphus, (said
“ I,) you grieve our friend ; you hurt his
“ feelings, and prejudice the cause you
“ wish to serve. Take your leave of your
“ fellow-voyagers.”

He turned his back upon Abrams, bowed respectfully to Miss St. Leger, and,
shocked

shocked at Mr. Hawkins's visible grief, cried, "Do not weep so, sir. *I* will be "your child and companion."

The distressed divine looked after his niece, who was reluctantly following the wretch, while her tearful eye seemed to bid a melancholy adieu; and, clasping his hands, while a fresh flood of tears burst forth, "My God! (he exclaimed,) protect this beloved child from treachery "and insult. Oh! Mr. Hamilton, my "spirit, bowed by poverty and affliction, "can ill support this fatal separation.— "Leave me, sweet boy;" (for Adolphus attempted to wipe the venerable cheek,) "Let me seek where I shall not be denied "for that resignation so necessary to my "present state."

I drew the tender youth away, and went upon deck to assist the amiable Mary Ann. She withdrew her hand from Abrams and, placing it in mine, appeared happy to escape his awkward civility, while a degree

gree of cheerfulness animated her manner; and, evidently to her companion's dislike, entreated me to see her safe on shore. When I quitted her, she warmly recommended Mr. Hawkins to my care; and, in answer to my respectful intimation, that Miss Hamilton would be happy to receive her in Finsbury-square, she answered me, with much spirit, that no one should prevent her sedulous cultivation of an intimacy so honourable.—I really parted from her with regret. So young, so lovely, so noble, a creature, to be sacrificed at best to vulgarity and ill-nature. When I returned on-board, Mr. Hawkins was conversing with Adolphus in the cabin. His tears were stopped, but the fixed melancholy that hung upon his pale countenance spoke to the soul of sensibility.

Wishing to avoid the expression of gratitude, at all times painful to a susceptible heart, whether received or conferred, I
 slightly

slightly hinted that it was time to go on-shore, and motioned him to lead the way. He turned about, declaring, with a firm voice, his resolution of declining any further correspondence with us, at least till happier hours. “It is incumbent on me” (said he) to shun the abode of affluence. A single room, in some obscure street or lane, will be competent to my present wants. I have only to recommend the unprotected.—(He faltered.) “Defend her, dear sir, if possible, from the machinations of a worthless man. Indeed, I know not if he has enabled me to *leave* the ship.”

“You are perfectly at liberty, my friend, to go on shore, but it *must* be in *our* company; we will hereafter enter upon the difficulties of *your* situation. Your delicacy shall be consulted in the arrangement of your affairs. For the present, suffer me to introduce you to a lady whose partiality to *my* friends will
“receive

“receive a high gratification, when de-
“fired to revere and esteem Mr. Hawkins.
“Remember, (I added, smiling,) that a
“twelvemonth’s absence sharpens my ar-
“dent wishes to embrace a worthy sister.”

“My good Mr. Hamilton, (cried our
“young enthusiast, squeezing my hand,)
“let me thank you for our afflicted com-
“panion. Come, Mr. Hawkins, let us
“depart; I long to tread your boasted
“land of freedom.” And then he re-
spectfully conducted the reluctant gentle-
man, who could only lift his eyes in
speechless thankfulness.

Need I describe my amiable Louisa’s
tenderness, while congratulating the bro-
ther she had not seen for a tedious period?
Could any thing have added to my admi-
ration of her estimable qualities, the affec-
tionate reception she gave us must have
done it. The tears my sudden appearance
excited were soon succeeded by a lively
joy, and, when I presented my fellow tra-
vellers,

vellers, she welcomed your son with the kindness of a parent, while, in her attention to Mr. Hawkins, one might discern a filial reverence.

For several succeeding days, we enjoyed, if I may so speak, a *social* solitude, exactly consonant to the lassitude which naturally follows a tedious voyage. During this period, Louisa, by her engaging familiarity, banished the shyness her appearance, as a European lady, had impressed upon your son's countenance; and he reassumed his usual cheerfulness.

I believe Sambo and Omra would willingly exchange the plentiful comforts of an English table for the fruits and humble beverage of Tonouwah, and prefer a simple draught of milk to the various produce of culinary skill. The ungenerous observations their persons, dress, and manners, excited, when they first ventured abroad, added to the aversion they conceived against the lower class of people, exceedingly

ingly strengthen their wishes to be sent back again. Already does Adolphus regard them with an anxious eye, and hints his pity for those who, in a strange country, cannot be content.

Yesterday, he again mentioned their desire to return to Tonouwah. " But (said I) you know we brought them hither in consequence of their inclination to serve us in England. Perhaps this anxiety may abate as they become familiarized to the modes and customs of our country. *You* are satisfied apparently with *your* situation."

" True, sir. But I am neither a servant nor a slave ; and the son of a king should not be capricious."

" Am I to infer, from that observation, that your compliance with your father's intention to educate you in England is an act of necessity rather than choice ?"

" Oh no, dear sir, think not so meanly of Zimza's son. I am no hypocrite.
That

“ That I love my father is most certain.
“ And I would forfeit, Oh ! what would I
“ not forfeit ! to lay my head upon his sacred bosom, though but for one moment.—Yes, every thing but my integrity.—But, well knowing this cannot be,
“ I will not only be satisfied, but cheerful.
“ Forgive me, Mr. Hamilton, (and he called up that fascinating persuasion in his eye which weakens even necessary contradiction,) but though you continually aim to lessen my ideas of hereditary dignity, yet—do not be angry, sir,
“ —yet I cannot forget that Adolphus is
“ a *prince* ; that Sambo and Omra are but
“ his father’s subjects. How should *they*
“ then think as *I* do ? I know they are my
“ fellow-creatures, claiming all the rights
“ of humanity ; but do not, good sir, do
“ not suppose they are my equals, in
“ strength of mind, self-denial, or des-
“ cent.

“ It

“ It remains with *you*, then, sir, (and
“ I spoke in a solemn tone,) to prove, by
“ the *justice* of your conduct, the superi-
“ ority you so decidedly contend for. But
“ remember how difficult it is to separate
“ a due sense of your own importance from
“ a weak falsely-grounded pride. Believe
“ me, it is extremely possible, while keep-
“ ing a guard over your fancied greatness,
“ to neglect and give up the *real* nobleness
“ which distinguishes a Christian and a
“ gentleman. But this theme I shall
“ leave to Mr. Hawkins. Open your
“ mind to that good man, from whom
“ advice of this nature will come with the
“ highest propriety. As to Sambo and
“ Omra’s future destination, it shall be
“ left entirely to yourself. Question them
“ as to their desires to leave England,
“ and determine for them as your heart
“ shall suggest.”

Recovering

Recovering from a confusion which my address had induced, he thanked me in their names for the permission, adding, "I will go this minute and rejoice their souls with the desirable intelligence."

The business was soon settled. Adolphus returned with a humble request that I would suffer them to depart in the first ship that sails for Africa. Will Zimza accept these poor itinerants, protect them from their subtle enemies, and place them in some suitable employment about his person? Adolphus warmly joins in this request, who means to prepare a long letter against the time of their departure. I expect you to admire his amazing improvements. His genius is equal to every thing, and does honour to his first preceptor. Already the little imperfections which a foreign accent and (your pardon, friend,) a foreign *teacher* created are nearly vanished. His pronunciation is clear, except when quick perception and

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impetuous passion give it too much rapidity. His idioms are various and well chosen. The majesty of his figure, and dignity of aspect, I think increase. Miss Hamilton would scarcely believe he had but just attained his seventeenth year, if a certain juvenile cast of features did not betray his extreme youth. His answer, to her observation on his height, was pertinent and characteristic. "The sun, madam, "which warps and contracts our unhappy "countrymen, in the West Indies, does "but invigorate and strengthen the free "African. And the same plant, which "his influence refreshes in its native soil, "sinks overpowered when torn from "thence. It *droops* (how he sighed!) un- "sheltered on the scorching lands." I was pleased with the remark, as well as astonished at the unembarrassed air he assumed. You cannot suppose the different incidents I mean to convey follow in regular succession, as convenient opportunities

nities do not always occur for immediately transmitting them to paper. Therefore, Zimza will kindly allow for little inaccuracies in point of chronology, and be satisfied with my compliance in essentials, in full assurance that no intelligence shall be neglected which may gratify parental curiosity.

The arrival of an African prince was a circumstance which, when our doors were open to company, drew together all who, from interest or acquaintance, could claim admission. Among those who received cards of invitation, miss St. Leger was doubtless included; but as Mr. Hawkins anxiously wished to witness the establishment of his niece he availed himself of my general request to consider our carriage as his own, and, accompanied by Adolphus, was set down at a decent-looking house, in Church-Street, Spital-Fields. After sending in his name, and waiting a quarter of an hour in a small parlor, they were

desired, by a clumsy black-boy, in a crimson and white coarse turban, to walk up stairs. Take the description as given by Mr. Hawkins. " Adolphus gazed at the
 " boy, and seemed excessively hurt at his
 " appearance, but followed silently to a
 " large shewy dining-room, where we met
 " my dear girl, who, colouring very high,
 " led me to Mrs. Abrams, a tear starting,
 " as she presented me by the endearing
 " titles of uncle and guardian. I was absolutely stunned when the lady loudly
 " exclaimed,"

" Well, miss, I hope we shall have no
 " more whining now you've seen your
 " uncle. Mercy on me ! what's this the
 " young black-a-moor you said was so
 " handsome ? Why, he is not at all like
 " our Mark Anthony ! Laus a me ! he's
 " almost as white as a Christian."

" My poor Mary Ann was sinking with
 " confusion.

" You

“ You will be so obliging, madam, (she
 “ cried,) to leave me with my friends, as
 “ I have business of importance to trans-
 “ act.”

“ Ay, ay ; very likely. But I suppose
 “ they have dined, so Mark Anthony hand
 “ a glass of wine.”

“ Excuse me, madam, (said I,) we need
 “ no refreshment. My business is soon
 “ dispatched, merely to convey my niece
 “ to Finsbury-Square.”

“ But I suppose your niece will ask *my*
 “ leave for that, as her *garjan* is out,
 “ (answered the offended Mrs. Abrams,)
 “ and, to say truth, you *mought* have *ex-*
 “ *cluded me* in the invitation. If these *is*
 “ your West-*Ingee* manners, indeed !”

“ I understood the speaking eye of my
 “ distressed girl, and made what *I* thought
 “ a decent apology ; but she expected a
 “ greater sacrifice to her fancied import-
 “ ance, and declared her intention to ac-
 “ company us, adding,

“ One coach will hold us all ; and, as
“ for young Cæsar, I have no objection
“ to his riding with us, though he isn't,
“ perhaps, of our own *speechus*, as the
“ great Mr. **** says.”

“ *Young Cæsar!* (repeated Adolphus)
“ does this *gentle* woman mean a compli-
“ ment or reflection ?”

“ *Compliment!* (returned she, unmolli-
“ fied by the pleasing adjective,) compli-
“ ment, truly ! What, to a saucy *mel-*
“ *lotto* boy ? — Really, miss Molly, you
“ need not behave so *imperial* to my vi-
“ sitors, when you can give your company
“ to such a——”

“ Cease, I entreat you, (said the poor
“ girl,) and believe I dare not venture to
“ tax miss Hamilton's politeness by intro-
“ ducing an entire stranger, who am my-
“ self known only by name to that lady.
“ You must permit me to attend my un-
“ cle, madam. I am certain Mr. Abrams
“ would comply with my request.”

“ Answer

“ Answer for yourself, miss. *My* husband is not so easily *persuaded*. And, since you are so desirous to leave *me* behind, I beg Mr. Hawkins may go without *you*.”

“ Indignation again superceded my pupil’s prudence, and he declared, with a look of the warmest dislike, that Mr. Hamilton entertained none but people of fashion, birth, or education; consequently, as Mrs. Abrams could not be admitted under either of those claims, she would meet with a repulse.”

“ *Pulse!* (exclaimed the enraged woman,) *me!* who, but I scorn to *bemean* myself by—”

“ Patience, good lady, you distress my niece and expose yourself.”

“ There, again, because this scrubby negro, this *cannable*, this *selvidge*, chuses to insult me.—Sir, if he was a Christian, or even a Jew, one would not mind it so much. But when the *parlermint-*

“ house is all up in arms about e’m, when
 “ even all Mr. Will-by-force can say
 “ stands for nothing, though he pretends
 “ they’re free born like us, is such a
 “ puppy as *this* to chatter ?”

“ This vulgar nonsense was received
 “ with silent contempt by Adolphus, who
 “ now discovered, in his opposition to
 “ such coarse behaviour, the degradation
 “ of his own dignity ; and, upon his ad-
 “ versary’s quitting the room in violent
 “ wrath, expressed his wish that miss St.
 “ Leger would leave her, and permit me
 “ to conduct her to Finsbury-Square.”

“ O sir, (she cried) I blush to say, in
 “ this house I cannot be a free agent, nor
 “ can I perceive any mode of reconcilia-
 “ tion but by venturing miss Hamilton’s
 “ displeasure, in making such an uncom-
 “ fortable addition to our society.”

“ However, I immediately engaged
 “ for that lady’s acquiescence, who, I pre-
 “ sumed to say, would overlook every de-
 “ fect

“fect in Mrs. Abrams’s manners from a
 “delicate consideration for her amiable
 “companion.”

Here Mr. Hawkins ceased. “Certainly,
 “(answered Louisa,) to procure the dear
 “girl any satisfaction, I could almost of-
 “fer the incense of adulation at the shrine
 “of ignorance.”

The grateful man sighed, and bowed ;
 then, resuming the description of his
 niece’s disagreeable situation, told us, that
 her anxiety was somewhat relieved by
 what he had said, and she retired to con-
 ciliate the irritated Mrs. Abrams, with
 whom she found much less difficulty in
 arranging matters than Mr. Hawkins ex-
 perience, while endeavouring to sooth
 our high-spirited boy, who could scarcely
 be prevailed upon to leave Spital-Fields
 without his revered Mary Ann ; and it
 was clearly impossible for her to go with-
 out her weak companion, to whose obsti-
 nate perseverance she was obliged to sacri-
 fice

fice her wish to attend her uncle, as the preparation for their evening visit precluded all hope of dining in Finsbury-Square.

Adolphus became extremely impatient for the hour which was to gratify his ardent curiosity, and I would not render this novel appearance less interesting to him by premature explanation, but entered with him at the moment when my sister was settling the etiquette of the card-tables. This little business adjusted, I set myself to remark the conduct of our youth. For some time his eye was turned toward the door, regardless of the gay scene before him, doubtless expecting the arrival of his favourite, but at length, with an expressively disappointed aspect, he advanced to a sofa, on which he threw himself, to attend the manœuvres of a whist party. Their steady attention, seriousness, and the technical terms they used, changed the object of his reverie, and he considered

considered them so deeply that even Miss St. Leger seemed forgotten. But he spoke not till the rubber was finished, when one gentleman, not more admired for his knowledge of Hoyle than his testy reception of fortune's frowns, hastily threw the cards from him, and, with a voice in which mortification and covert rage were blended, told his partner she had lost the game by her improperly changing the suit.

“What are these people about? (asked Adolphus, in a half whisper,) one would think, by their gravity, it was an act of devotion, if that person's strange behaviour did not contradict the supposition.”

“*An act of devotion!* (replied the losing gamester,) O yes, my dear sir, these little enchanting deities have more worship than all the idols of the East or West.”

“Not very zealous ones, I fancy, (answered Adolphus,) if I may judge from
“*your*

“*your* treatment of them just now; though
 “perhaps, like some ignorant Pagan,
 “you use them according to their fancied
 “justice in dispensing good and evil, and
 “caress that image to-day which to-mor-
 “row you will destroy.”

Mr. Staples appeared more surprised than offended at this bitter retort, when the entrance of more company prevented any farther stricture upon an amusement which I am pleased to see makes no favourable impression upon our young hero. He turned hastily about, and, with a sparkling eye, exclaimed, “Oh! sir, she is
 “come at last!” And then arose to conduct the elegant St. Leger to the sofa, without noticing her awkward companion, who, with an unnatural mixture of bashfulness and assurance, received Miss Hamilton’s compliments, contrasting, in the strongest stile, the modest grace and blushing timidity of her agreeable ward, whose confusion she painfully encreased,
 by

by informing Louisa that they should not have been so late but Mark Anthony, in getting up behind the coach, missed his hold, and came *clean* down in the mud, and lost his *turbin*, which some rude boys had snatched from his head. “And really”

“O no more, dear madam, (interrupted my sister,) this is a mere bagatelle.”

“Law! Miss *Hambledun*, ’twas no such thing, indeed; I tell you ’twas his *turbin*, he is too young for a *bag* or *tail* either.” She had now so far conquered that shyness, which is ever the mark of a low mind, as to declare her intention to join the ladies in a game of *whisk*, and then, without ceremony, placed herself in Mr. Staples’s chair, at the back of which he then stood, telling him they would take *turn* and *turn*, and appealed to us if that was not fair, for indeed it was always her way. Without waiting for a reply, she gathered up the cards next her, desiring to cut for *pardners*. Astonished beyond the power of refusal, three ladies smilingly

smilingly complied with her request, while Mr. Staples, whom she had so bluntly excluded, recovering his temper, appeared excessively diverted, and, in a humorous strain, congratulated them upon the happy exchange. Too ignorant and self-conceited to comprehend the contemptuous remarks and sarcastical inuendoes, which were liberally dealt on all sides, Mrs. Abrams perfectly enjoyed herself; and, delighted to take advantage of the lady's engagement, Miss St. Leger withdrew with Louisa to another part of the room, where Mr. Hawkins, Adolphus, and myself, immediately joined them. "Pity, (said Louisa, in a low voice,) that
" this excellent young creature should be
" left to mercenary wretches so ill calculated to fix the principles of a delicate
" mind. Something must be thought of
" to extricate her from their authority.
" I can already see her influence over our
" Adolphus, and am certain, from the
" observations I have made, she can con-
" tribute

“tribute more, by a few words or seeming
 “neglect, to the checking his unextin-
 “guished pride of disposition than whole
 “volumes of instruction from a precep-
 “tor can effect.”

What says Zimza to Louisa's assertion?
 Shall we submit our opinion to female de-
 cision? At any rate, I am resolved to pro-
 cure her frequent visits hither, although
 perhaps obliged to open my doors to her
 shocking guardian.

I have this day been to take the instruc-
 tion of an eminent council on this young
 lady's situation, and am concerned to say
 there is no hope of present relief. The
 legality of the will, from Mr. Hawkins's
 representation, is indisputable; and,
 though Abrams is under restrictions re-
 specting the embezzlement of her fortune,
 yet is her person too much in his power,
 nor can she chuse another guardian, while
 not justified in any important charges
 against this. We have only one resource,
 and

that, if allowed, tedious — to make her a ward of chancery. The poor girl quitted my sister with reluctance; and, when she parted from her uncle, at Abrams's door, she kissed his hand with vehemence, crying,

“ Oh! sir, my sensations are now more
 “ poignant than ever. Why did you in-
 “ troduce me to——”

“ Heyday! (interrupted Mrs. Abrams,
 “ who was just stepping from my carriage,
 “ which I had ordered to set them down
 “ in Church-Street,) Heyday! what are
 “ you again in your *romanticals*? Do
 “ hold fast, Mr. Abrams, (to her husband,
 “ who, with Mark Anthony holding the
 “ step, was assisting her to dismount;)
 “ stand away, coachman.”

For my servant, seeing Abrams stagger under his burthen, offered to take a share, but, checked by the haughtiness of her manner, he readily retired. Alas! too readily. For, leaving her whole enormous

mous weight upon her sullen partner, she slipped through his hands and came rather suddenly to the ground. Enraged at the consequences of her fall, the chief of which was nothing less than seeing her whole head-dress, consisting of *human hair*, feathers, flowers, &c. spurned by the heels of Richard's favourite coach-horse, she accused every one present, in the rudest terms, of contributing by their neglect to this misfortune, not excepting the trembling Mary Ann, who was so disconcerted as to leave the carriage at her peremptory command, without taking any further leave of her uncle, who left her with regret. Adolphus heard the relation with a tear, and, sighing heavily, hoped she would never forfeit her dignity to such low wretches.

Your son's indefatigable application having made him capable of the task, I shall, in future, resign to him the delineation of our general transactions, and shall

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only step in to relate those things which may, with more propriety, come from my pen.

His *first* essay (for the few distressful words inserted at the bottom of my last, could not be called a letter) is to accompany this; and I readily anticipate the agreeable sensations with which it will be received.

Adieu, worthy Zimza; Miss Hamilton adds her wishes for your peace and health to those of your faithful

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON.

ADOLPHUS *in* ENGLAND *to* ZIMZA King
of TONOUWAH.

WHEN I contemplate the vast extent of ocean which separates me from my noble father; when I look up to the bright sun whose rays, in this temperate climate, rather cheer than oppress, and reflect that thou mayest be fainting beneath his fervid beams; am I not dejected?

Do

Do I not say,—“ungrateful Adolphus, “dost thou feel the *troubles* of thy parent?” For I *know* thou art sorrowful. I traced thy bitter anguish along the mournful paper; nor would be comforted till my friend assured me thou wert long before then undeceived; when I consider these things, I am astonished at my tranquillity, and weep because I am too happy. Wherefore, then, this hardness in my nature? Can the royal Zimza inform me why *he*, a man, a king, a being superior to the race among whom I now reside, should droop under circumstances which so slightly touch his child?

When chasing the tyger through the barren desert, or to the thickest recesses of our majestic woods, I have seen thee calm, collected, ardent. When a savage hyena, (even now I shudder to think of it,) with his iron fangs, fastened upon my light garment, with what courage thou transfixed him, with a deadly weapon, to the
I 2 earth,

earth, and snatched me from the jaws of destruction. But how art thou altered? And why does thy pen mark the characters of fear, doubt, melancholy, nay, *despair*? Alas, Adolphus, thy absence is the cause which troubles Zimza's soul. What then are the operations of nature? And why do they not act upon all alike? This is one of the many things I cannot understand. Sambo and Omra, too; how eagerly they look forward to the hope of returning to their own nation! And yet Sambo sighs and Omra weeps to leave *me*, who think but little of their departure, though probably I may never see them more. The captain came yesterday to say they must be on-board to-morrow night. Sambo fell on his knees, "Oh! my master, (said he,) go back with your poor servants. This is bad people, they laugh, they call me dog. I am no dog, master. And Omra, too, they call her black dog." Oh! then, how

I

I cried! not for them, but for myself and thee. Yes, thought I, why not go to my dear father? But then something whispered, "What! leave these kind friends!" And then poor Miss St. Ledger. Father, she is so like the image thou wearest upon thy bosom of my departed mother, Mr. Hamilton too is so kind, his sister so tender, and Mr. Hawkins so good, that—how can I leave them? Oh! if thou knewest the sorrows of his niece, thou wouldst surely say, "Stay, Adolphus, and comfort that sweet girl." And so I will.

Omra peeps in. How she cries!—I am wanted below.

Dear father, I cannot bear their tears. A messenger is come to take them on-board.—Sambo looks at his wife—wipes her eyes, and says, "See, my prince, Omra love you.—Don't grieve, Omra, pray for prince Adolphus."

"Yes, Sambo. But if they should make

“him slave, what will king of Tonou-
“wah do?”

I have shewn my letter to Mr. Hamilton, he has corrected it a little, and seems pleased with it.

Farewel, my beloved father. May thine hours pass lightly away. May the dew of the morning refresh thy early walks, and thy wandering footsteps shun the fatal den. May the remembrance of Adolphus come over thee with renewed hope, and enliven dreary thought. More than all, may the God of the Europeans shield thy soul from guilt and grief.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

P. S. In a few months, I shall be able to send some remarks which occasionally occur upon the various inconsistencies that every day fill me with perplexity; but I am not always disgusted, nor is it right I should, since what appears strange and unjustifiable to my confined and as yet confused

fused ideas may wear a better aspect, when time and investigation shall expand them.

*To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST.
LEGER.*

HOW indulgent are you, my dearest madam, in thus encouraging a helpless orphan to pour the vexations of a mortified heart into your friendly bosom! and at a period too when she began to think herself exposed as a mark for vulgar ignorance to level its shafts at. Indeed, I once fancied my prospects bright, desirable, and extensive, but the mystery which veils the transaction that has given me into this man's power has thrown an impenetrable gloom around, which my beloved uncle fears cannot be easily removed. However, Mr. Hamilton's generous interference revives my spirits, and, still further cheered by *your* notice, I will endeavour to look with patience to a better hope, although every day is distinguished

guished by degradation verging upon insult. How kind then in you, my dear lady, to steal me as it were from the harassings of a mind, alarmed by the irritable suggestions of wounded pride ; wounded perhaps deepest by the awkward attempts of malicious vulgarity to conciliate. A mind too that scarcely, till within these twelve months, knew the pain of opposition. And how pleasing to renew an employment which, from an early season, occupied the most delightful hours of my life.

Separated from my noble father for seven years, my happiest time was past in a filial correspondence ; (oh ! that it were not eternally past !) which may account for the facility with which I am enabled to obey your requests. Ah ! madam, I am interrupted.

These — what shall I name them ? — These people impute pride, obstinacy, and, as *they* stile it, fulkiness, to me.
Judge,

Judge, from what follows, if their censures be just.

Desirous of dedicating this day to your commands, I had informed Mrs. Abrams of my intention to remain alone till I had finished my letter. She muttered some objection, but I withdrew, unheeding her evident ill-humour, and, shutting myself up, began a task from which I hope to deduce a serene pleasure, the only substitute for that valuable society I cannot often enjoy. One hour had nearly elapsed, when several strokes upon my chamber-door broke in upon my employment, and jarred every gentler feeling. I was hurt. It was like the shock of electricity, which my curiosity once enabled me to endure. In a pettish accent I demanded who was there. "You are wanted, Miss Molly," (said my rude informer,) your favourite "tawnymoor has brought a message from "Miss *Hambleton*."

I went

I went down, swelling indeed with indignation at the freedom of the appellation. The word *favourite*, in the light she uttered it, disgusted me ; and, when I entered, her boisterous laugh at my being *taken in*, as she stiled it, certainly added to my vexation. Even Abrams forced a grin upon the success of her scheme. “ See how she colours, (said the “ provoking woman, laughing immoderately ;) why surely you need not be so “ angry ; there’s sweethearts enough to “ be got, without running after a *mellotto*. “ A gentleman, my dear,” making an awkward attempt to announce a well enough young looking man, who officiously rose from his chair to be introduced. But oh ! madam, resentment superceded my wishes to be civil, and, turning disdainfully from them,

“ When, (answered I,) you are disposed “ to treat yourselves with a jest, look for “ a subject among your *equals*.” And then,

then, without staying to hear the effect of my plain dealing, I ran up stairs to avoid that fury my behaviour doubtless had excited.

This cruel attack upon the delicacy every female ought carefully to preserve, and which more properly belongs to a young creature who till lately could not look beyond herself for the maintenance of that necessary appendage to the manners of our sex, has broken in upon my recollection of mind, and I trust, dear madam, you will permit me for the present to subscribe myself your most obedient

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Brighton, Sussex, October 1.

I FEEL for you, my amiable girl, with the affection of a parent, the esteem of a friend, and, I should be happy to add, the carefulness of a guardian. Your situation

ation uncommon, I would hope, unprecedented,—calls for something more than attention, more than commiseration. But I mean not to encrease the poignancy of reflection by any magnified representation of present or future danger. To say truth, I have neither ill-natured forecast nor over-prudent caution enough to prognosticate any violent impending evils in your fate.

I do not blame your reprehension of that low woman for her ridiculous contrivance, which indeed I cannot fathom; but let me caution you against *false* delicacy; there *is* such a thing, my dear, and believe me it is very troublesome to its possessor, who cannot discern the difference between that and the virtue which it poorly represents. The latter originates in native dignity of soul, the former merely in blameable pride. Methinks I see your blushing resentment when accused of undue partiality towards our
noble

noble Adolphus. It would be strange if *you* should not discover those qualities in him which so eminently adorn yourself.—Fear nothing from that quarter.—Let not exalted modesty lose its essence in the above-mentioned weak representative. Love Adolphus as a friend, as a brother. His heart knows no guile. His passions wear no mask. His intercourse with our world has not soiled the purity of a mind which reflects, with added brilliancy, the virtues set before it. All is open and sincere in his conduct; I will venture to say all is equally so in his heart. A youth of fashion, as our high-spirited gentlemen are termed, seeks his acquaintance with avidity. They have met in the libraries, have joined in those athletic amusements consonant to their age, and frequently converse in the rooms; but, of late, Adolphus has shunned his companion. Berisford wears a smile of half-concealed contempt. Adolphus looks haughty. They passed
each

each other this evening without speaking, but, on returning, "Well, (said the youth, "in a low voice,) are you convinced?" "Will you submit?"

"Never," retorted Adolphus, and quitted the Steen immediately.

I have no doubt but his dissipated and dangerous companion has ventured too bold an attack upon our African's feelings. I give you this anecdote to strengthen your good opinion of him. But when once you perceive hypocrisy to be the spring, or rather the guide, of his actions, when once you find he departs from his own rectitude or countenances falsehood in another,—then, my child, no longer trust him. Let modesty, for that is real delicacy, let sincerity, judge between your esteem for him and his newly-acquired feelings, and you cannot err. Do you not already condemn the free use of *your* permission, or rather request, to remonstrate, or even to chide, my young correspondent?

correspondent? Sweet girl, you have little to fear. Repose your unlimited confidence in me. I will be free to say, you are in safe and not ungenerous hands. Adolphus is preparing a long letter for you. "For what, (he says,) can poor " Miss St. Leger know of this gay world, " while shut up with that frightful woman " and her sullen husband?" My brother laughingly says, he shall delegate the office of guardian to me, as I seem to be his ward's ostensible counsellor. Indeed, he is my *protégée* and *chaperon*, and attends me, with much respect, through the whole routine of amusements and excursions which invariably mark our time. Take the journal of a day as kept by a fashionable friend, and, allowing for one or two incidents, it will be an exact epitome of a Brighton diary.

" Rose at six. *Mem.* Not the smallest " inconvenience this, of enduring at an " an hour so early the glare of day and " the

“ the chilling sharpness of a sea breeze.
“ A *beautiful* morning, as the silly ad-
“ mirers of cheerful sunshine and dazzling
“ prospects would term it.—Walk to the
“ Stein. Wait two hours for a guide
“ and machine.—Wind rises.—Disgusted
“ with the idea of being launched under
“ water like a Thames wherry, as well as
“ mortified to be exposed in a dress so ex-
“ cessively *outré*. Conquer my reluct-
“ ance, and awkwardly submit.—Break-
“ fast over, air in the carriage.—Encoun-
“ ter the wheel of a three-story phæton.—
“ Quite the thing! six long tail greys.—
“ Shocked to death, but happily no mis-
“ chief done, though the noble charioteer,
“ like his predecessor, encountered a simi-
“ lar fate from a too great proximity to
“ my powerful charms.—After parading
“ round the Stein, in a dangerous confu-
“ sion of different vehicles, adjourn to the
“ libraries.—Turn over or mismatch the
“ whole jumble of novels, politics, *secret*
“ anecdotes,

" anecdotes, which all the world know,
 " and *public* histories, which nobody reads,
 " poems, satyrical without wit, libels
 " without truth, and epigrams as *long* as
 " my arm. From thence to the shops;
 " where, after undervaluing every thing
 " laid before me, and asking for those they
 " have not to produce, I purchase a shil-
 " ling toy, ribbon, or trifle of equal va-
 " lue, and flutter home to dress. Fill up
 " the space between dinner and going to
 " the rooms with scandal, back-gammon,
 " and coffee. If an undress-night, change
 " the scene, and, in an indolent attitude,
 " survey the company at *****, laugh at
 " the no-meaning witticisms and vacant
 " faces that obtrude on the ear and pass
 " before my eye, make parties for the en-
 " suing day, and retire a victim to *ennui*,
 " and wondering at the cause."

Come, if possible, to Brighton. The
 charms of novelty will give a zest
 to what the votaries of fashion look upon
 as hardly supportable. If *circumstances*
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should interfere, (such as the obstinacy of those you are with,) to prevent your acceptance of my earnest invitation, sup-
ply, as much as possible, the absence I shall lament by a relation of those events antecedent to my knowledge of your uncle and his amiable niece. Good old man ! we have just parted with him for a few days, as he was solicitous to go to Dieppe, for the purpose of investigating some transactions of which politeness on our side and a reserve on his prevents a present explanation. I should have told you he added to our best wishes his most affectionate prayers for your welfare, peace, and health. Adieu, dearest Mary Ann. Forget not your very faithful

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From Miss ST. LEGER to Miss HAMILTON.

Spital-Square.

ASTONISHING ! And does my good Miss Hamilton mean *that* Berisford Mrs, Abrams announced to me
when

when she *took me in* so cleverly as she calls it? This is indeed a mystery which time may possibly solve. It is certainly the same. But *why he* should be introduced at Spital-Fields I cannot imagine. However, it is of no material consequence. I must advert to the subject pressing nearest my soul.

Ah! madam, how incapable is language of expressing the genuine dictates of a grateful heart! Believe me when I say your amiable kindness has given birth to a fortitude enabling me to look with courage upon the past and with resolution to the future. Supported by your concurrence, I will venture to acknowledge a sincere esteem for my new friend, Adolphus; precisely such as I should be happy to confess for a worthy brother. Indeed, it is impossible you should imagine I can dislike a gentleman so much approved of by my uncle.

Before I enter upon the anecdotes you request, permit me, dear madam, to relate

the mysterious if not alarming behaviour of these people. Obeying the summons yesterday noon to dinner, I unconsciously walked to the window. A hackney coach, as I think, drew up. Abrams was standing near me. A low but sudden execration passed his lips, which occasioned me to look at him.—No, it is impossible to paint any thing half so horrid as he appeared.—He turned to his wife, who that moment placed the first dish upon the table, (her usual custom,) and, pulling her with an ungentle violence into the passage, I could just distinguish the words, “ If he does, “ we are lost for ever,” and then he went to the door.

“ We shall interrupt business; (said “ Mrs. Abrams, in a frightened accent,) “ let us go up stairs, my dear.”

I now felt an emotion of surprise which forbid my obeying her request, and, before she could well repeat it, Abrams and a tall meanly-dressed man, with a black patch

patch over one eye, another on the opposite cheek, and a wooden leg, came in together. The stranger looked earnestly upon me, saying, "the name of this "young lady, if you please," with a strange significance of aspect.

Abrams replied, "Her name is of no "fort of consequence." I started, and felt disgusted at this unnecessary reserve, and could not help replying, with some tartness, "No one need be ashamed of "announcing—"

Abrams ran to me, and, before I could say any more, in a manner not the most polite, conducted me to the stair-head, where I was joined by Mrs. Abrams, who fawningly told me she feared I was ill, for I looked most *tremendously* pale. I could then easily hear her husband haughtily demand the man's business; but, obliged by my tormentor to enter the dining-room, was forced to give up the further gratification of my curiosity. Surely,

madam, this was a strange circumstance. And then the many poor excuses obtruded upon me for what needed none, if no deceit was intended, puzzles me extremely.

I will now endeavour to recollect the anecdotes which have distinguished the few years of my existence. But first permit me to observe that if piety, prudence, simplicity of manners, and elegance of person, could recommend their possessor to earthly honours, no wonder my beloved mother was indebted to them for the noblest hero and kindest husband Europe could produce.

A few years after their union, the general hastened with her to Boston, where he possessed a considerable estate. But the war, which will ever be remembered with horror by surviving sufferers, induced him to send us to Port-Royal, in Jamaica, as America was an unsafe residence for feminine delicacy, the continual skirmishes and perpetual apprehensions of
an

an approaching enemy destroying the peaceful calm my mother had for seven years enjoyed. And, though every prognosticated danger her husband might endure was a source of innumerable sorrows, helpless and an incumbrance, she consented to leave those scenes of distraction for a quiet mansion my father had previously prepared for our reception. There Mrs. St. Leger received consolation by a visit from my uncle, who made a voyage to Jamaica, previous to the benevolent scheme he had formed of visiting the back-settlements in North-America. But his stay was short, and his departure pained even my youthful mind. My good Miss Hamilton will readily believe me, since she has been a daily witness of his faint-like disposition. An accident that deprived my estimable parent of the use of her right-hand added to my grief, and the task was delegated to me of transmitting the various emotions of her soul to the

general. Young as I was, habit and the instructions I eagerly imbibed soon enabled me to send every interesting occurrence which she thought might divert the fatigues and horrors of war, in soothing the bravest though gentlest heart that ever palpitated. Returns were not very frequent, but my dear parent took courage from a supposition of want of opportunity, and would not suffer any weak prognostication to sadden her heart.

The report of a decisive battle had reached us since the receipt of our last packet, but she breathed not a doubt of his safety, and drew the sublimest hope from the only fountain that could dispense it. Days, weeks, and months, rolled heavily on, without any cheerful intelligence from Boston. A battle had certainly been fought, and numbers within our vicinage were mourning its bitter effects. But though my mother's heavenly serenity silenced my impatient complaints, yet she

she grew pale, emaciated, and dejected. A soft melancholy stole upon her features, and seemed to indicate fearful consequences.

“It may be, (said she, one evening,) that your father, to avoid the loyalists, has fled to the back settlements.—If so, we cannot expect any certain or immediate tidings of his safety.”

Thus situated, the arrival of an old veteran, who, from earliest youth, had accompanied the general, was announced to my mother.—“Now then, my daughter, suspense is no more.”—Never shall I forget the air with which she pronounced those few words. Her eyes and hand were lifted up, and, in an expressive tone, she added, “St. Leger, I come! Mary, your father is gone, else why does Clarence come alone?—Yes, he is gone where I shall soon follow.”

“O my mother, (I exclaimed,) leave me not.” For she was rising from the
bed

bed to which my torturing reflections had confined me.—“ You tremble ; go “ not without your child.”

“ Be composed, love, stay where you “ are.—I chuse to meet my awful sentence “ alone.” Although I understood her not, it was contrary to my habits of obedience to contradict her, and, sinking again on the bed, I gave myself up to every pang short of despair. She soon re-entered, and I sought in her eye for that confutation of my fears which that eye confessed. She sat down. I could not speak.—My father was dead.

I saw it in her manner ; I felt it in my heart. But, though almost frantic from the pungency of my own feelings, her pathetic look, the wild and agonising turn of her countenance, forbid any enquiry into the nature of his demise. Clarence was gone, but it was plain he had decided her fate. At last, “ Look not on “ me, my sweet orphan, (she cried,) with “ that

“that air so piercingly piteous. I
 “have nourished hope almost in the
 “bosom of death. But how could I
 “suppose Heaven had only lent to my
 “fond soul its stay, its prop, its support,
 “for so short a period?”

I arose, and, sinking before her, “No
 “more, no more, (said I,) my revered,
 “my blessed, my *only* friend. All my du-
 “ties, all my attentions, all my dearest
 “expectations shall now center in you
 “alone.—For are you not *now* my compa-
 “nion, my support, my all?”

You will kindly allow for my depres-
 sion of spirits on such a theme, and per-
 mit me briefly to observe, that three me-
 lancholy years were passed in my dear
 mother's constant preparation for a better
 world, undisturbed by any company but
 Abrams, who held long and frequent
 conferences with her, which generally
 ended in deep dejection and tears. And
 I could never clearly account for this till
 the

the shocking catastrophe took place that gave him so much power over her unfortunate daughter.

Clarence indeed paid us several visits. Meeting one day with Abrams, as he was quitting the house, he turned back, and eagerly begged to see my mother. She did not accede to his request, being too much exhausted by the tedious audience just before given to Abrams. When the good old man received the unexpected denial, he drooped his head, and, as he departed, I could, from the window where I stood, hear him sigh bitterly, and exclaim, " Strange, very strange ! My lost " master ! my dear deceived mistress ! "

I told Mrs. St. Leger of this remarkable apostrophe. She changed countenance, and ordered his ready admittance when he should call again. This never happened during the short remainder of her life, though she sent to him at Kingston, and employed every means to find him out,
but

but they proved utterly ineffectual. It is impossible to dwell upon the last moments of so dear a parent, whose departing breath implored blessings upon her Mary Ann.

O my excellent lady, with my mother's concluding respiration methought every hope of future good expired. In her elegant drawing-room, valued by that angelic woman for the magnificent views its windows commanded, I met only the repulsive dreaded Abrams. He would have conversed with me, and once went so far as to say, as my father's representative, he would supply his place; but his voice, his manner, his power so strangely procured, were all equally disgusting. I wrote to my uncle, and, till he arrived, shut myself up in mournful solitude. But how can I express the rapture which succeeded when I found myself in his paternal arms,

.

Think not, my kind correspondent, that this abrupt conclusion originates from
aught,

aught but the reflections a subject so sad must create, and suffer me, after soliciting your future epistolary favours, to subscribe myself your obedient and obliged servant,

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To Miss ST LEGER from ADOLPHUS.

Brighton, Oct. 19.

YOU cannot be surprised at receiving a letter from Adolphus, for he *promised* to write. Ah! Miss St. Leger, it is not given to the fashionable people at Brighton to remove the prejudices of a simple African. I go with Miss Hamilton to the rooms, and mix with a splendid croud; in whom one would think, from the visible pleasure that plays upon their features when they address each other, that the happiness and health of their acquaintance ensures their own. And the language too! Surely, I thought, here will be an opportunity for confirming my

my knowledge of a tongue so correctly spoken at my guardian's. As an instance of its purity, in this residence of refined manners, take their general address. — "Rejoice to see you."—"Blige me with your address."—"Sweetest of creatures, poz." And, for their sincerity, a baronet, whom I had never seen before, told me, "He rejoiced to see me *look* so well;" though Miss Hamilton had just noticed my pallid countenance, the effect of a severe head-ach. He then, without waiting for my answer, informed her, "he was immensely miserable to know if she had not taken cold at the races; immediately adding, there was no enduring the *eternal* heat."

"Are not these strange incongruities?" asked I.

"Words of course; customary compliments," said my gurrdian.

"Rather modern falsehoods." He assented with a smile. I was encouraged, and

and told Sir M—— eternal heat was nonsense, and wished to know if he had been taught his grammar.

With an extension of his mouth, the English call a grin, he replied,

“ Would advise you, my dear, to part
“ with some of that antediluvian sincerity,
“ if you mean to mix with the *ton*.”

“ Never, (I hastily replied,) shall Adol-
“ phus, in compliance with the vile servi-
“ lity of flattering Europeans, be induced
“ to say the thing that is not.”

How the company gazed! Mr. Hamilton looked serious, but I do not think he was displeased. He entreated the baronet to excuse my bluntness.

“ For what, sir? Have I not spoken
“ the truth?”

“ You have, Adolphus. But there are
“ times when silence is the test of pru-
“ dence.”

“ Then, sir, *I* shall never *be* prudent.”

Does

Does Miss St. Leger know what this idol of worldly people means? We have nothing like it in *our* virtues, nor do the vicious possess it. It is not a passion, or it would produce more sudden and striking consequences. It is not an appetite, since it is often more gratified in withholding than conferring. I am sure, if it *be* a virtue, it is of a complexion too cold for an exotic, and can only thrive in a soil where the nobler qualities of the soul can never take root. After all, I have undertaken a task above my abilities, since doubtless you expect a description of our amusements. But as a walk to the libraries, along the shore, or over the broad and bold eminencies which fence this *town*, (must I call it?) constitute my chief delight, my friend will read her disappointment in every line.—How selfish! —I would conclude, but—there is a felicity I cannot describe in writing to *you*. I have begun a letter to my father. It

lies within my view; duty calls me to continue it. Can you tell me why I do not? Duty! I feel its claims, but it tears me from an employment more interesting! What makes it so? I would ask Mr. Hamilton, but something withholds me. Nay, I would even wish to close this without shewing it to him.—Disguise! hypocrisy! What is come to thee, Adolphus? Does not thy heart sit upon thy lips? Why then allow thyself but to *think* what thou fearest to communicate? Well, if I *be* wrong, reproof from Miss St. Leger shall shame me into amendment.

A young man, who had taken some pains to inspire my confidence, has deceived me. During the races, Mr. Hamilton permitted me to air in this gentleman's phaeton. Descending the hill on which these manly amusements had been exhibited, I perceived an ancient man, lame and weak, laden with the residue of some goods he had carried to sell, staggering

ing

ing before us. I called to him to stand on one side; the poor creature turned about; and, almost at the very instant, Berisford, carelessly, if not cruelly, ran against him, and, with a tremendous oath, swore he would drive over him if he did not get out of the way. I caught hold of the reins and stopped the horses. My companion asked me, with a sneer, if I was afraid of hurting the old put; and immediately, with an artful motion, whirled his whip across the poor soul's shoulders. I jumped out, and spoke of his brutality in such terms as produced a challenge.—I knew nothing of the sword, but determined to meet him. It was a circumstance I could not venture to explain to my guardian or his sister, and I felt rather awkward in my attempt to conceal it. The evening previous to that appointed for our meeting, he passed me, and whispered his resolution to *forgive* me, if I would ask *pardon*.—What a request to Zimza's son!

But I answered as I ought. He retracted his intention of fighting, and in a note addressed to Mr. Hamilton gave such a turn to the whole affair as required all that gentleman's confidence in my integrity to refute the charge he had urged against me. But my word was enough. Had it been disputed, where could Adolphus have hidden his shame? What trifles are these to *you*, though to *me* of importance, for this treacherous European has touched me to the soul.

The Twenty-third.

Expressing, some days past, a wish to visit the opposite shore, as it belonged to another power, I was quickly gratified by my guardian, and, on the following morning, after an agreeable passage, was landed at Dieppe. The next day proving tempestuous, we were confined to our inn. A bright setting sun broke through the gloom, and I quitted the company to enjoy my usual exercise.

The

The calm sea,—the solitude,—Did you never, my friend, experience a pleasure in solitude?—Well, I was tempted by the surrounding scenes to continue my walk till darkness had enwrapped their glowing beauties. The waves were gaining fast upon me. I turned, and began to run, when a voice, (oh! Mary Ann, I hear it yet!) feeble, interrupted, and almost suffocated, seemed to arise from the sea, which was tumbling in towards the shore. I stopped,—it ceased,—but again, in a bubbling accent, renewed its agonizing moans, and something like a human hand appeared above the water. Could I hesitate an instant, when the life of a fellow-mortal depended upon the bare hazard of my own? I plunged in, and caught hold of the sinking object. He dragged me down, and in that perilous moment I blessed the African custom of enuring children from their earliest infancy to stem the furious wave. Yet, notwithstanding

my utmost exertion, it would have been ineffectual, but for Mr. Hamilton, who, missing me, had sent two of the sailors in search of his poor Adolphus. They arrived at the period when my breath was nearly gone, and were lucky enough to free me from death. I soon recovered, but the half-drowned creature, (who, grasping me with convulsive violence, had been drawn likewise to the shore) remained insensible, till my kind guardian and his party arrived upon the beach, when I was witness to a greater miracle than ever African performed; for, though he was dead, certainly dead, his breath gone, eyes fixed, and even his heart ceased to beat,—yet, will you believe it? in less than twenty minutes, his eye-lids dropped, his lips changed from black to red, a faint perspiration issued from every pore,—and he revived! I shall be very unhappy if you doubt me. He did indeed revive! Oh! what a being is the Christian's God!

For

For *he* did it, no one else could, but under his direction.

Well, he revived,—but to what confusion! When he was a little composed, (pardon me, I should have said before he was carried to a little house, near the beach, and laid upon the bed,) Mr. Hamilton led me to him, and, “ See, (said “ he,) to *whom* under Heaven you owe “ your preservation!”

He looked at me. Oh! Miss St. Ledger,—it was Berisford! who had ventured across in a fishing-boat with another gentleman, and was driven by the storm to the northward of the harbour, where the owners of the boat had perished, with Berisford’s unfortunate companion, by its being overset.

Our company, several of whom had been much scandalized at his former treacherous behaviour to me, now began to lavish the highest encomiums on a generosity to which no merit can be due, as I

could not, at that moment, tell to whom I was rendering one of the many indispensable duties annexed to our nature. Added to the plaudits they so liberally dealt, were several sharp reflections upon his cruel conduct. I could not bear it, and withdrew, much distressed with Berisford's situation, who, weak from the late accident, and wounded with the ungrateful remembrance of the past, wept with vexation. Surely it was not a season for reproach. Was life only restored to make him taste its bitterness? Even Mr. Hamilton thought them severe, and encouraged me in my resolution of returning to comfort him. I went. He asked my pardon; thanked me for his deliverance from death, and promised the sincerest friendship. Oh! how I loved him for his ingenuous confession. Ought I not to be reconciled? Can you blame me for according my hearty forgiveness?

We

We returned to Brighton in the same boat. I have caught a violent cold,—but—*I have saved a life!* Mr. Hamilton permits me to express my gratitude in any way I like to the worthy sailors who dragged us to the shore. Berisford gives me the sole honour of rewarding them. I am sure he is not envious, or he would have divided with me the transport of dispensing a well-earned recompence.

After observing that this occurrence happened between the first and second date of my letter, I shall bid you sincerely adieu.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

P. S. Miss Hamilton expressed a wish to peruse the first essay of a correspondence herself promoted, and, after kindly amending it, returned it with such commendations as I dare not repeat. Nay, she even compliments my sincerity; but there can be no merit in those qualities we inherit from nature.

To

To ZIMZA, King of TONOUWAH, from
ADOLPHUS, in ENGLAND.

October 31st.

I AM told a succession of many months must pass before my eyes can trace a father's affection on the wished-for page. What a tedious interval ! and how many more must elapse before you can receive this ! But what an alleviation to my anxiety only to *fancy* you are, at this moment, rejoicing over the large packet Mr. Hamilton transmitted ; nay perhaps long ere now you have wept over the paper which awkwardly displays your child's sentiments.

Methinks my hereditary prejudices begin to soften ; for the real virtues which are in full practice among my *true* friends convince me of their existence even here. Though I had not made this confession, Zimza would have given credit to all my
assertions

assertions respecting the English. It is a fact that I see many errors among them, truly inimical to my notions of integrity. But stop, Adolphus, recollect the subject of your letter to Miss St. Leger.—Do I talk of *integrity*? Let me prove mine. .

Yes, my father, read the enclosed *. Yet, though I will not deny the pleasure that correspondence gives me, I will not keep it from my parent. Certain that he would approve my friendship for that young lady, I will not dread his censures; for she is sincere, noble, and—look again on your bosom for her counterpart.

Nov. 10.

We are returned to Mr. Hamilton's cheering fire-side. Already I shudder at a scene so new, which presented itself to my astonished eyes when I arose this morning. The windows, encrusted with a hard cold substance, gave a curious representation

* See the preceding.

presentation of trees and flowers, while the vast oval before the house had lost its verdure, in a covering of the most dazzling whiteness. Though I had heard and read of these curious effects of winter, my imagination could not form any thing adequate to a phænomenon so great. Miss Hamilton enjoyed my surprize, for I could not repress it. But while I admired I trembled. The cold was extreme, and, as they informed me, unusual for the season. My guardian smiled, when, raising the sash, I caught some of the consolidated fluid in my hand, and, struck with its extreme frigidity, let it fall. Satisfied with this trial of its freezing property, I sought the animating comforts of artificial heat, though my eyes were yet bent on the wandering flakes which, descending very fast, took the form and colour of the ostrich's covering, as though that noble bird had stripped its breast to ornament the earth.

While

While we were at breakfast, I enquired why the English tongue is harder to write than to speak; for I find my ideas infinitely less cramped in conversation than when using my pen. Mr. Hamilton answered, "That the difference lies between
" sound and sight. What we hear comes so
" clearly to us, that, as we can more readily
" understand, we can the more easily
" express, our ideas in return. Whereas
" the same words, when written, from the
" number of unnecessary letters, are far
" more difficult to ascertain, which are
" consequently a restraint upon those
" ideas, and require continual practice to
" render easy."

" But, sir, it appears extremely strange
" to me that a language so copious should
" require the assistance of one apparently
" more trifling. *Ton, non chalance, brûlée,*
" with many words I cannot recollect,
" serve to supply the nervous idioms
" which

“ which readily occur to an elegant grammarian.”

“ Yes; but, Adolphus, (rejoined my instructor,) do you not perceive our characteristic failing is variety? Nay, it is the idol of our nation, and extends even to our sacred religion. Not contented with the full knowledge they may acquire from that fountain of instruction, the bible, they cavil at every trifle; and I am well assured there are more than thirty modes of worship in the reformed faith. This leads me to notice that it is by no means uncommon to see a discontented, perhaps lazy, mechanic, quit the occupation he is too indolent to pursue, and, by the strength of his *lungs*, not *argument*, impose on others, equally weak and less cunning, till he obtains the title of founder to a new sect.”

December 3.

Our good Mr. Hawkins is returned from Dieppe, whither he went to visit an ancient

ancient friend. — Oh! my father, how many fond parents I may boast! It would delight the noble Zimza to witness the indulgence of his substitutes. Indeed, the Europeans are not all bad. Who, that sees my Mr. Hamilton's steady attention, his sister's unremitted tenderness, the worthy divine's endeavours to perfect me in every virtue, as well as in the beautiful ornaments of education, but must own that, when the savage perfections of Africa are tempered by the soft polish of refined manners, the lustre becomes hardly supportable to an eye unused, like mine, to their brilliancy. Even Berisford rises in my opinion. He solicits my acquaintance, and will, in time, I hope, command my esteem. But how few there are who do justice to the advantages they receive from nature and fortuitous acquirements. Not all the information bestowed by genteel connections and the labour of tutors can influence this young
man

man to adopt a delicate or even proper mode of speech and behaviour. My guardian tells me the effeminacy, which distinguished the votaries to dress, some years since, was exposed by sensible periodical writers with such success as to produce the contrary extreme in the present day. For, as those affected the delicacy of a tender female, these are solicitous to assume the appearance, looks, and sentiments, of a gladiator.—That polite society is neglected for stables, and the company of men of sense for pugilists, jockies, and horsekeepers. Nay, the flowing honours of many a whimsical head have been sacrificed to this rage. Among such, the coarsest habit often covers hereditary dignity, and a contemptuous disdain of necessary elegance is the most certain mark of a fashionable person. — Surely, he says, a gentleman may possess skill in the management of the reins without rivalling his coachman, or be ready to defend himself

self from personal insult without taking lessons from the dregs of the people. Often have I been at a loss for Berisford's meaning, when he has bid me "Smoke the old fellow. — Touch the cole. — "Give them the go-by," &c. However, I am willing to think, on Berisford's part, that his roughness conceals a jewel of no small price; but, if the rust accumulate, it may damage the value of the gem. Indeed, I have tried not only to ridicule this monstrous propensity, but severely to reprehend it, yet his good-humour is not to be overcome any more than his follies, for he candidly owns the faults he is too thoughtless to amend. "You saved my life, Adolphus, at the hazard of your own, (said he,) but you will find it still more difficult to mend my *manners*." Last Wednesday Mr. Hamilton permitted me to attend him to a kind of ball he gave; he whispered, as I entered, pointing to the company,

VOL. I. M "You

“ You see, Adolphus, I am not totally
 “ deserted by your favourite sex.”

There was indeed a *blaze* of female beauty, that is to say, abundance of what I thought useless finery among them. The English dances are truly pleasing. I joined in them with a lady as handsome as Miss St. Leger, but that was all. She was gay, trifling, and soon left this inspiring amusement for the most insipid of all diversions, cards. She laughed at my honest repugnance to quit the sprightly set, till Berisford hinted the impropriety of preferring my own will to that of a lovely woman. Truly I believe if he could have made his election it would have been decided in favour of this tasteless nay disingenuous employment. An intemperate use of liquor gratifies an appetite; opiates lull the painful sense of misfortune; even a fondness for the Virginia-plant may be defended. But *this* pernicious attachment! Oh! sir, what mischief

chief has it not caused? Fame, wealth, honours, family union, feminine delicacy, manly integrity, *all*, as Mr. Hamilton says, sink before it in one deep, one universal ruin.

Thus instructed, it was with reluctance I complied. The game was loo, the forfeits unlimited and high, and, as I played carelessly as well as ignorantly, I soon found myself incapacitated to continue at the table, for my purse grew light, and my patience exhausted, the more so, when the before-mentioned lady, who was convicted of some imposition, arose with a confused aspect,—oh! she was then unlike Miss St. Leger!—and, in terms of asperity, accused *my* want of skill as the cause. I remembered Berisford's hint, and was silent.

How could I be angry with the poor young lady for a conduct which poverty enforced. It is true, I blamed her much, but knew not then that her situation would

almost make *vice* excusable, since the money she won was appropriated to the purpose of supporting a sickly parent. Alas! she has many people of fashion to countenance her error without her inducement, for who could suppose that her gaiety was put on to conceal what is reckoned *indeed* a crime? Born, as Berisford informs me, to splendid expectations, and bred in pomp and dissipation, family-misfortunes have obscured her prospects, and she supported an only parent by industry, till *he* gave him the office of steward to one of his estates, the profit of which place, he supposes, has been applied, though inadequate, to the payment of some debts.

How amiable! and yet to descend to a meanness which sullies the purity of her character, what pity! She will not, says Berisford, accept a pecuniary present, but saves her pride in the above practice. Her *pride*! My father, she is in distress, or I must, at least I *ought*, to despise her.

To

January 10.

To you, my dearest correspondent, I will be candid. My heart is bursting. How will you lament the defalcation of my honour! Detested world! Would I had never quitted a parent's court. How have I sacrificed the noblest of principles to one much inferior to it! Oh! that my tears (and I have shed a thousand) could blot out the indelible stain.

I told you of an unfortunate woman. I told you she was poor. Could I do less than relieve her? Berisford took me to her father's lodgings. They were genteel but small. I beheld her. She was in tears. Two men were sitting at the breakfast-table, who did not even return our salutation when we entered. The old gentleman asked us to be seated. A short silence ensued, which was broken by one of the fellows, who arose and told Mr. Lestock it was time to go. His daughter cried, "Take not my dear father away.

“ One day longer, only one day longer,
“ till I can try my friends.”

“ O my child, we have now no friends,”
and his head sunk upon his bosom.

“ What means this unexpected scene ?”
said Berisford, as he turned aside to wipe
away a tear.

“ It means, (I replied,) that they are
“ in distress, and must be assisted.”

“ O no, (said Miss Lestock,) we have
“ now no hope. Mr. Berisford has al-
“ ready been too kind, and——”

I was impatient. “ What is the sum ?
“ Keep me not in suspense.”

“ Beyond your pocket-allowance to an-
“ swer, I fancy, young gentleman,” inter-
rupted one of the wretches.

My father, I will close this sad scene,
which occasioned your son's depravity.—
I was joined with the generous Berisford
in a note for seven hundred pounds, and
(but this was no fault, my heart was un-
corrupted,) I went home, (after slipping
a ten-

a ten-pound note into the poor gentleman's hand, to answer present demands,) delighted with the service I had done. Hitherto all was peace in my bosom. The money was trifling, compared with the good it had effected.

We were engaged to receive a large party that evening in Finsbury-square. My spirits were exhilarated, for Miss St. Leger was present. While I was engaged in a cheerful conversation with that amiable lady, Mr. Hamilton approached. "I have a pleasing commission for you, Adolphus. Excuse him a few moments, my dear." He led me to his sister, who, taking out her purse, put five guineas into my hands with a paper, saying, "Come, sir, let us see how well you can plead the cause of the distressed. Take this affecting case and this purse to the company, I think your persuasive countenance and generous example will awaken their liberality."

"My example, madam?"

M 4

"Certainly,

“Certainly, (answered my guardian,)
 “whatever you wish others to subscribe
 “you must first bestow.”

How I stammered! “Sir,—sir,—I
 “have no cash.”

“But you have a note. We will change
 “it. Be quick, Adolphus, in these points
 “you are always clear.”

What could I say? Berisford was present. He frowned, bit his lips, and charged me, in a hasty whisper, to be secret. I turned round to Mr. Hamilton, “Oblige me, sir, with the loan of what
 “sum you think necessary, for I have not
 “got that bill about me.” He immediately doubled the sum his sister put into my hand, and looked not only grave and cold, but displeased.

How miserable this behaviour made me! Self-complacency vanished. I could hardly support myself, and, after executing my guardian’s commands, retired to
 my

my room with the air and feelings of a criminal.

What a situation was mine, next morning, when Mr. Hamilton requested I would fetch the note, and he would give me cash for it. Alas! Berisford had obtained my solemn promise not to discover the use I had made of it. Either way I saw nothing but guilt and shame, and stood perplexed, silent, and in tears.

In a tone of deep concern, my guardian said, "You are, for the first time, Adolphus, the subject of pity blended with sorrow. Something, I see, is wrong. But be candid. Open your mind. The note is nothing. Perhaps it is well bestowed. Be that as it may, my ready forgiveness awaits your ample confession.—Endanger not your rectitude in the invention of a false excuse, and remember your noble father."

Oh! how I was shocked! Falling on my knees, I cried, "Dear sir, ask no
" more

“ more questions, I am bound to secrecy
 “ as to the disposal of that money.”

“ Rise, Adolphus. Preserve your ver-
 “ racity. But you, whose love of truth
 “ can and has prevailed over every other
 “ consideration, will undoubtedly satisfy
 “ me in one point.”

“ Name it, sir.” And I trembled.

“ Does Mr. Berisford know where and
 “ how you have disposed of this note ?”

I was now driven to the extremity I had
 so much dreaded, and fell. -I forfeited my
 integrity, subscribed to a LYE, and felt
 myself totally unworthy of the friendly re-
 conciliation which followed my crime.

Methinks this confession of my fault
 has abated the horror it inflicted. My
 breast is relieved ; and oh ! that I dare as
 freely accuse myself to my dear English
 protectors. But Berisford laughs at my
 scruples, while he makes me sensible of
 my humiliation by exalting the act which
 has produced such mortification, and
 wishes

wishes me to meet Lestock and his daughter this evening at his house. I mentioned my intention to consult Mr. Hamilton upon it.

“ By no means, (said he,) you are now
 “ of age sufficient to visit without your
 “ guardian. He is a particular cynical
 “ genius ; nor can I engage for Lestock’s
 “ silence upon the late business. Prithee
 “ come then without his knowledge.

Indeed, I would not have gone, but an unexpected engagement, in which I was not concerned, deprived me of Miss Hamilton and her brother’s society. Mr. Hawkins too had retired much indisposed. I was disconcerted. Music, reading, the globes, all were tried in turn, and all failed to please. Before nine, my friend made his appearance. “ Alone, Adol-
 “ phus ? I have a coach in waiting. You
 “ shall positively pass an hour in Bedford-
 “ Square. No objections.”

“ My

"My guardian, sir—."

"Nonsense. No more puritanical excuses. Does Hamilton intend you for a parson? Come, come, I am in haste."

I was confused, irresolute, and uncomfortable. But, unable to withstand his impetuosity, was prevailed upon to venture.

How could I censure the amiable Leftock! Oh! sir, she is not the trifling being I imagined. All that levity was vanished. A modest familiarity, (for such it appeared to me,) made her perfectly agreeable. Her father, too! venerable, grave, humble, and grateful. I am really pleased with them both, and returned reluctantly at twelve. I sat up till Mr. Hamilton came home, and immediately told him of Berisford's invitation and my compliance with it. His countenance changed. I could perceive he was vexed. "Am I wrong, sir?" said I. He sighed, made me no answer, and left me very unhappy.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

February 4.

ADOLPHUS is melancholy and reserved. He has lost his engaging sprightliness. My brother is visibly affected at this sudden change, while your uncle, with a serene smile, places it to your account; and indeed *I* am apt to give the good old man credit for his penetration.

In the course of this day, *you* were mentioned as bearing some resemblance to a Miss Lestock, the daughter of young Berisford's steward.

Adolphus blushed, nay even trembled, and I could observe seemed much disgusted at the comparison, she being represented as an artful creature, who would sacrifice every delicate feeling to a notorious attachment to gaming. "Miss
" Lestock, (he exclaimed, in an indignant
" tone,)

“tone,) who dare bring forward Miss
“Lestock in such a light.?”

I saw he was hurt. “We do not, (I
“replied,) degrade your justly-esteemed
“St. Leger by a similitude of manners
“or principles; features only were hinted
“at. I approve your generous disdain;
“but our Mary Ann cannot be injured by
“a likeness which extends no farther.
“Miss Lestock is doubtless very reprehens-
“ible, but I believe many of her errors
“may be attributed to a culpable pa-
“rent.”

His eyes lightened. “You are mis-
“taken, Miss Hamilton, if you think
“*her* errors—”

“Think what, Adolphus?”

“That young lady deserves no such—”

We all smiled.—“Well, well, (inter-
“rupted my brother,) we understand you,
“my dear. She does not indeed deserve
“to be compared in any instance with
“our lovely friend. I am pleased with
“the ardency of your attachment. May
“it

“ it ripen with your years, and strengthen
 “ with your judgement.”

Adolphus now turned as pale as his complexion would admit, and quitted us with a tear upon his cheek.

Since this conversation his dejection has encreased. Be candid, then, nor let false delicacy blind you to a prepossession which can neither lower your dignity nor offend your modesty. Be ingenuous with us, my sweet love. With *me* you may.—Has the impetuous youth already acknowledged a preference? And have you checked him too roughly? Something *has* disconcerted him, we doubt not. His studies are neglected; his amusements no longer please. The enthusiasm of his passions are succeeded by apathy, except upon the above-mentioned trial. There must be a cause. O may *you* be enabled to give it a solution, and you will relieve the anxiety of your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To

*To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST.
LEGER.*

YOU command my frankness, dear madam, but it can claim no merit in my compliance. Indeed I have nothing to confess. That we have conversed on various subjects, that I have often ventured to oppose his opinion, and that he has *as* often owned conviction, is most true; but here the information stops. That a cloud of mystery has lately enveloped the expressive countenance of your Adolphus I have seen with true concern. But I cannot agree with my dear uncle as to its derivation; permit me, therefore, to change the subject.

Oh! madam, the poor stranger I mentioned to you in my letter to Brighton has in vain attempted our well-secured door. We were just stepping into a carriage that waited to convey us to Covent-garden
theatre

theatre, when I was surprised to see Abrams catch his wife by the arm, and conduct her back into the passage, and the next moment shut the door with considerable violence. But the mystery was soon explained. A violent knocking ensued. Mrs. Abrams turned extremely red; her husband, more than usually fallow, apparently shook with terror. The windows were not closed, and by the lamp I could discern their former visitor, whose questions respecting my name were so ill received. He was speaking to Mark Anthony in a loud tone.—“Do, my dear, (said Mrs. Abrams,) give the fellow an answer. He is quite troublesome.” Mr. Abrams then opened the window, and told the stranger to call the next day.

O madam, he is come. I have seen him.—Worthy creature! Kind, affectionate, mutilated, Clarence! Yes, I have seen him, but that is all.—We were at
VOL. I. N breakfast

breakfast. The servant was taking a message at the door, when, without ceremony, a person rushed by him and entered the parlour. "You are excessive impudent, man; (exclaimed Mrs. Abrams;) I think you might have sent in your business."

"And if I had, madam, (said he, bowing,) I fear it would not have ensured my reception. But this lady, if I judge right, will not reject her noble father's servant, the poor unhappy Clarence."

"*Clarence!* (I repeated.) Oh! thou faithful attendant of the best of men, tell me where did—"

What an interruption! my heart swells as I write. The detestable Abrams caught him by the collar and forcibly pushed him into the street, threatening him with a prison if he came there any more. I arose, ran to the door, called loudly after the ill-treated creature, and boldly directed him to Finsbury-Square. I thought

thought the monsters would have beaten me. But I was scarcely in my senses, and totally superior to any idea of fear. "Now, (said I,) meanest of men, your treachery becomes conspicuous.—What had that worthy soul done to be thus basely treated? But he *knows* too much. Tremble, wretch, and reflect upon the *justice* of that Being whose attributes you scorn."

They were confounded, and began to soothe the victim of their art. A flood of tears was of service to my loaded spirits. Alas! I fear the wounded veteran has not profited by my intelligence. Surely he will find my uncle out. Still do I recollect the words he uttered when leaving our house at Port-Royal.

Dear lady, read the enclosed, and decide upon the merits of this honest correspondent.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from EDWARD CLARANCE.

O THOU revered representative of my noble general, forgive thy ancient servant for this familiar address.— Say, where can I be honoured with a few minutes conversation? Alas! I could not make out what you said this morning, and have been wandering about ever since distracted to see the daughter of general St. Leger thus degraded. But the time is at hand when the black-hearted Abrams shall be a monument of lawful vengeance. Sweet lady, be not discouraged. Clarence will not rest till he sees justice done to an injured orphan. Else why did he quit his native land, and, worn with years, wounds, and distress, encounter a dangerous element, and still more dangerous enemy? Oh! he has *indeed* been

been my enemy. Adieu, beloved offspring of my lamented master.

EDWARD CLARANCE.

P. S. The bearer will wait at the bottom of the street for a line.

Superlative assurance! Madam, the mean listener has discovered my reception of the letter. I wrote a few lines clearly expressive of my intention. Ellen had almost reached the person who was waiting for them, when she was overtaken by Abrams, who I saw (from my window) hastening after her without his hat, and rudely snatch them from her. The poor girl returned pale and trembling. I would have reproached him with the bitterest severity, but violent hysterics, the consequence of this vile attack upon my delicacy, pride, and every hope of a speedy discovery, rendered me incapable of a proper resentment.

What will my dear uncle say? But I know what he will feel for his and your unfortunate

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

P. S. Ellen informs me she caught Mrs. Abrams upon the stairs, when she quitted my room with the letter, and that she darted into the parlour, with an intention doubtless to send her husband after her.

*To Mr. ABRAMS, from F. BERISFORD, Esq.
Bedford-Square, Nov. 15.*

I HAVE met your ward at the theatre. Scarcely tall enough.—Very reserved.—A weeping beauty.—No rouge. No pearl-powder. Eyes indeed bright but uninformed. Seems proud, too. No odds. I want her for a *wife*.—But you must be snug.—We know each other, old Cent. per Cent.—Is all clear? No legacies unpaid? No mortgages unsettled?
If

If I am to be shackled let my harness be double gilt. Are you absolutely in possession? Forty thousand pounds, "and "you to have *ten* of it." That's the agreement; or, if it fails on your side, I am to have the loan of two thousand without interest.—But, should the fault be with the lady, to be a drawn bet. *Only five-and-twenty per cent.* O though unconscionable villain!—"But suppose you shall find "some difficulty with her uncle in making this arrangement."—Is that it? May be so. Hawkins is an old prig. Why should *he* be meddling? Do not let Mrs. Abrams interfere again. What a method she took of announcing me to the haughty heiress! I almost pitied the mortified fair-one. Once more, trust not your wife with this business, but be careful to procure me another interview. Adieu, Old Trusty.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* *These present.*

MR. BERISFORD,

SIR,

November 18.

YOURS of the 17th curr. came safe to hand. Miss St. Leger will be at Hamilton and Co.'s Finsbury-Square, to-morrow evening. Wife shall stay at home. Best place for women. Suspects too much. Fond of a secret, but can't keep it.—I expect to see your rent-roll.—Esteem my ward.—Can't think of chousing her, as the saying is.—All fair and above board. — *Forty* thousand, — a vast deal of money! — *Ten* thousand, little enough in all conscience! — Won't part with the goods under. Will be saleable a long time. More bidders in the market. Give you the preference. Your very humble servant,

OLIVER ABRAMS.

P. S. Wife desires her *polite* respects.

To

To Mr. ABRAMS, from FRANCIS BERIS-
FORD, Esq.

Bedford-Square.

MISS St. Leger has more pride than the loftiest creole, but there is meanness in it. While *I* was kept at awful distance, the African boy was visibly encouraged.—But his triumph could not last. He is sufficiently mortified.—No, not sufficiently. I will be more completely revenged.—What is there in *him* to engage the attention, when put in competition with a man of fashion? And am *I* to be refused for a?—Confound the fellow! he noses me every where.—His manners, his principles, his *person*, truly all *so* perfect!—Ye, sneaking, poor-spirited, hankering after the forbidden fruit on which his guardian has set his interdiction. Gaming, rambling, noble living, all we men of the world enjoy, he dares not even approve.—

approve.—But I have him. The snare is set.—His boasted virtue shall snap at the bait. Hark ye, Abrams, the cash shall be yours.—Take care of my prize. Keep her close. Speak of me, you know how, but let not that misbegotten poacher snap up the game.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST. LEGER.

A FEW words, my ever dear lady, on a subject I had not thought of any consequence but for a circumstance sufficiently disagreeable. Mr. Berisford's attention to me, at your house, though it had excited your raillery and caution, raised nothing but disgust in my bosom. There is an expression in his countenance, even when most animating, that conveys an idea of deceit, and I could perceive, when I officiously conversed with your Adolphus, the other gentleman reddened *seemingly* with indignation.

nation. This circumstance had not once occurred to my memory, till Ellen informed me she just now saw Mr. Berisford leave the house with Abrams. Is not this an extraordinary coalition, fashionable vulgarity with that of uneducated meanness? They are both returned, and my company is earnestly and bluntly requested. I have refused to go down, but Mrs. Abrams came up to say this gentleman brings a message from my uncle. Very strange, but it may be possible.

What a pitiful subterfuge! No dear uncle had charged this man with a commission. I fear I was rude; certainly they thought me so. But indeed I could not stay below. Mr. Berisford told me the brightness of the day had tempted him abroad, would I air in the phaeton? "Did my *uncle* give his *suffrage* to that request?" I coldly asked.

"Why no.—But I was so shy."

Shy!

Shy! Miss Hamilton. I instantly arose, and, with a grave courtesy, wished the gentleman a pleasant airing, and quitted the room. Oh! madam, this son of the turf, in an audible voice, exclaimed, "Skittish, by gingo, Abrams. Full of tricks,—but——"

I heard no more, but, inflamed with resentment against them all, sat pensively down to deplore the lot of your shockingly situated

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To ZIMZA from ADOLPHUS.

Journal continued.

Hampton, April 20.

IF I did not assign some reason for the discontinuance of my journal, would not the best of men have furnished one still more terrible? *Truth*,—my hand trembles while tracing a name so frequently abused,—but truth, whom yet I worship,

worship, impels me to say I am just recovering from a dangerous illness, occasioned by—oh! sir, your wretched Adolphus has a melancholy story to unfold.

Could you have supposed that the company of my revered friends has been disgusting? That I could not bear the grave reproaching eye of my worthy tutor? The sweet sorrows which informed Miss Hamilton's countenance? Nor that look of mingled pity, displeasure, and contempt, which from my guardian seemed to sink me almost to annihilation? I have resumed a strict application to my studies, yet—something is wanting.—Will you have patience with your child while he explains the hateful mystery of his unhappiness? And will you in accepting a repentance (oh! how sincere!) grant the forgiveness I do not deserve?

The reserve Mr. Hamilton assumed upon the liberty I had taken, in passing an evening out of his presence, rendered
my

my situation very unpleasant. However I soon with pleasure perceived my guardian's features take a lighter turn. His gloom relaxed, and I was again the child of his affection. On the seventeenth of March we went to the theatre. Of all the elegant amusements congenial to youth this, in my estimation, takes the lead. And, in this instance, my inclinations met Mr. Hamilton's hearty concurrence. Oronoko was performed by command. My tears were the plaudits of a feeling heart, but they were interrupted. In the third box from ours was Berisford and Miss Lestock!

Was it right?—I was vexed. I had wished to find that young woman all perfection. But Miss Hamilton spoke of her with such asperity as if honour, delicacy, even modesty, forbid her appearance with a gentleman. “We do not mind these things at Tonouwah!”

“True,

“ True, (said she, when I made the remark,) nor are our manners formed by those of Tonouwah. *Miss St. Leger* would not commit such an impriety.”

Why did she mention *Miss St. Leger*? She is above all comparison. Ah! what does she think of me now?

The morning after, my guardian entered the study. Mr. Hawkins arose to give him a seat. But I was nimblest. He pushed the offered chair aside. I looked at him. What displeasure, nay what disdain, gleamed in his eye! I could not speak. He held a small paper in his hand.

“ Do you know this writing, sir?”

The note, the very note, I had signed at Mr. Lestock’s.

“ You are an apt scholar, Adolphus.—
 “ Scarcely one year in England, and
 “ you have adopted its arts, its cunning,
 “ its vices.—Now then, if you mean
 “ ever

“ever to recover my favour, my good
“opinion, tell me instantly every circum-
“stance relating to this paper.”

“Forgive my interference, (asked the
“kind Mr. Hawkins,) my pupil is
“greatly intimidated. To press him now
“might be to plunge him into greater ex-
“cesses.”

“We will leave him then,” replied Mr.
Hamilton.

They did. But the recollection of that
pangful moment how it stings! My
thoughts were bewildered. Candour,
sincerity, honesty, all were upon the
wreck. My former offences were expiated
by open confession and a sincere repent-
ance. With my guardian’s forgiveness
the consequences were at an end. But
with the loss of my integrity I suffered
that of my resolution. Steady only in
the determination of not betraying the
Lestocks. A whole hour I staid alone.
Mr. Hawkins came up.—“What have
“you

“you done, unhappy youth! Joined your
 “name in a bond for the payment of fe-
 “ven hundred pounds, due this day.
 “Vile Berisford, thus to draw you in.
 “But come with me, my dear. There is
 “one and only one conciliatory method
 “left. Confess the transaction, give up
 “those who induced you to this, and all
 “may be well.”

I drew back.

“Nay, Adolphus, you will not re-
 “fuse.”

“Every thing, sir, that may tend to
 “throw a stigma upon the innocent.”

“And is Berisford the innocent you
 “fear to betray?”

Oh! my father, I was wicked enough
 to tell this dear this excellent divine,
 he was “troublesome; he was officious;
 “and that I should not go with him.”

He had taken my hand in his, and,
 holding me as it were at arm's length,
 “Merciful heaven! (said he, with a
 Vol. I. O “quivering

“ quivering lip, and a tear glittering in
“ his eye,) where is the heart that has so
“ often dictated words of the sweetest
“ compassion to a poor old man? How
“ callous the feelings that once were
“ softened by my sorrows! Art thou the
“ Adolphus whose excellent qualities less-
“ ened my aspirations after another
“ life!”

He turned away, and again left me. I heard him sob as he went.—Yet I was hardened, and, in a fit of desperation, frantically followed him into the counting-house. Mr. Hamilton was there. An ugly-looking man, they call a Jew, sitting by the fire.

“ Now, sir, (said my guardian,) you see
“ the youth. He is evidently not of age.
“ But say, Adolphus, did you join with
“ Mr. Berisford in giving this note?”

“ I did, sir; pray let it be paid.”

“ It shall be paid; but I insist upon
“ knowing

“ knowing what cause you can assign for
“ accumulating such a debt.”

I was silent.

“ You are fullen, fir. But however
“ take notice the note is discharged.
“ Your favourite companion I see has ex-
“ onerated himself.” The Jew received
the cash, left the note, and went off.
“ You will not then give me the satisfac-
“ tion I request?”

“ Never, fir.”

“ What! have I lost my influence over
“ you for ever? Oh! Adolphus, I am
“ miserable indeed. But you shall return;
“ and may the air of Tonouwah and your
“ noble father’s example restore the ami-
“ able simplicity of manners I once
“ thought proof against every attack. You
“ may retire, fir.”

I did, nor appeared at table for two
days. On the third, I could not rise. I
thought I was at Tonouwah, my father

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weeping over me;—Miss St. Leger in your hand. When poor Lestock came to me, you struck her.—I looked up, and there was only Mr. Hawkins in the room. What followed I know not for many weeks. However, when I grew better, my kind guardian forgave me, and I kept my secret. As soon as I could go abroad, Mr. Hawkins accompanied me hither. Will you, my dear father, take me home again? I am sick of England, sick of myself. Do receive me kindly. I can leave even Miss St. Leger. They tell me she is very unhappy. I have a great esteem for that lady; her misfortunes command respect.

I shall now close this journal, but my guardian must not see it. And oh! do you, my dear and ever dear parent, keep the secret of your unfortunate son,

ADOLPHUS.

From

From FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq. to Mr.*
LESTOCK.

Bedford-Square.

I HAVE no cash at present. Every resource has failed. My honour is engaged five thousand deep. Two nights longer delay, and all is up in St. James's Street. Barry called this morning with my bill from Langhorne's. Cursedly taken in by the grey ponies—No bottom. Mere outside.—Ran them ten miles on the Kentish road against Barry's Roans. Two to four the odds. Confoundedly distanced. Made a dead stop at the foot of Boughton Hill.—Forced them forwards, and ran over an old woman upon an ass. Confoundedly hampered in the broken traces. Cut my face; broke the knees of the two leaders, in attempting to clear them from the sprawling car, and knocked out the eye of the off poney next the wheel of a coun-

try waggon.—No matter, the money must be paid. Go to Longdale, and, if he refuses to pay the half year due last week, seize. What is his large family to me? The brats are not mine.—I have concluded an agreement with Martin for the fine old oaks in Berisford-Close. See him this afternoon, you will find the plodding rascal at his compting-house, Millbank. Come over him nicely. Never spare discount. Touch him for a thousand.

Finely done over at Hamilton's! That grave money-getting fellow was too hard to manage. How the furly thief looked when I asked for his pet; his delicate, high-mettled, spirited, African!—What a fool, not to draw my springes closer about the frightened woodcock. But I have not done his business yet. The boy is staunch.—Good blood.—It is but trumping up another tale of distress. No fear but the gudgeon will bite,

Pray,

“ Pray, Mr. Berisford, (muttered his gloomy gaoler,) do me the favour to inform me on what occasion Adolphus joined his name to yours for the payment of such a *monstrous* sum.”

“ Has he not told you, sir ?”

“ Your question is offensive and unnecessary, young gentleman.”

The old prig ! I was ready to laugh in his face.—“ Indeed, sir, I am ignorant of his motive, and only know I am 350 pounds a loser by my friendship.” He stroked his fresh-mown chin, and paused. Thou art in luck, Frank, thought I. The boasted probity of an English merchant is hard at work in that fullen heart, and will not let me be a loser. For I wished to insinuate that Adolphus was under some pecuniary obligations to me. But I was gulled. He was only collecting a long string of *sage* maxims, *prudent* cautions, and *uncivil* reflections. A part

of which I escaped by marching off, and giving him the go-by

What a fool you are, Lestock, to mind the censures of a ridiculous world. Sally's an honest wench. A girl of spirit.—No fear of treachery.—My honour, my honour, old Truepenny, is concerned. Besides, I have laid a deep scheme for your daughter's advantage.—What think you of a *prince* for your son-in-law?—Elephants teeth, gold-dust, pine-apples, and cowries? Rivers of gold, and oceans of pearls? Tyger-skins to cover your own hide of buff, and slaves to exercise your authority upon? But mum's the word. Fair and softly. The game's up, and may I never hold the four aces, or win a bet at Newmarket, if I let it slip.—A hollow thing, my lad of wax.—And now fail not. I will wait at home for you till nine. Time enough after that to look in at Tatterfal's.

Never

Never wrote such a preachment in my
life. Am almost too fatigued to sign

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Miss ST. LEGER from Miss HAMILTON.

May 7.

ADOLPHUS is once more re-
stored to his afflicted friends. No-
ble fellow ! his ingenuous confusion and
candid accusations of himself have not only
conciliated my brother's good opinion and
affection, but heightened them. We do
not attempt to try his sincerity by any
questions relative to his past conduct.
There is a degree of merit in his taciturn-
ity, on this occasion, which Mr. Hamil-
ton seeks not to lessen by a curiosity that
can produce no satisfaction. That Beris-
ford has been the agent in the business is
indisputable ; and that he is an extrava-
gant libertine is a truth fully confirmed to
us. Master of an affluent fortune, at the
age

age of eighteen, (which his father acquired by trade,) early introduction into life precluded the benefit of education ; and, naturally averse to study, he aimed only at the perfection attainable by jockies, cooks, and grooms, if we except an unwearied application to the mysteries of Hoyle. My brother, since we received the above information, has never ceased blaming his own temerity in permitting the dangerous intercourse. He could not be blind to such of Mr. Berisford's propensities as came under his inspection, and is particularly hurt at the idea of our sweet fellow's mixing with such a motley set of strangers, on the night the ball was given. However, if Adolphus sees his companion in a light formidable enough to put him on his guard, there will be little danger of his resuming an intimacy we are all anxious to prevent.—But, while we are solicitous to preserve this dear youth from such a ruinous connection,

tion, can there be a wretch base enough to wish to sacrifice an innocent girl to a union so miserable? Oh! my dearest St. Leger, it must not be. This detestable Abrams has some sinister view to answer in encouraging Berisford's visits. I will speak freely. A course of seven years dissipation has doubtless reduced even almost to poverty his once plentiful estate. You, my love, have a large fortune. He wants one. Abrams is penurious, and not scrupulously honest. What is the result? The terms prescribed by avarice necessity will accede to; and Miss Mary Ann St. Leger, amiable, elegant, sincere, and lovely, is taken as an appendage to the wealth otherwise unattainable. — Forbid it law, justice, virtue. — Exert yourself, my good girl. Call up every assistance from family dignity; rouse every spark of native spirit, and make a stand against such tyranny. Depend upon my brother's interference whenever your affairs shall
make

make it necessary. Fear them not. You are in no danger, while you foresee their intention. Whether fawning or violent, soothing or positive, they cannot force you. Even the will which has thrown you into their hands allows not the disposal of your person without your own concurrence. Be comforted, my love, in the assurance that, if your worthy Clarence should come to us, he shall be joyfully received, Poor man ! I doubt he knows not where to apply.

Pity our dear Adolphus, Mary Ann. The West-India fleet is arrived. My brother went on-board the ship which carried Sambo and Omra. They were safely landed, and proceeded undisturbed to Tonouwah with Zimza's letters. On the seventh day of his absence Sambo returned unmolested, as captain Saunders had franked him with a passport. He entered the cabin in an agony, wrung his hands, wept, beat his bosom, but could only

only say,—“ My king ! my prince ! Oh !
 “ fir, my massa gone !—Gone !—No one
 “ know where ! Gone, — three moon !
 “ Oh ! my prince die ! Yes, he die !—
 “ Sambo die too.—Ah ! prince Adol-
 “ phus.”

With much difficulty, the captain learned that Zimza had been three months absent, on an expedition to Sierra Leone, to view the new settlement :—That his favourite, Azilli, who had accompanied him, brought back intelligence that his master, desirous of examining one of the vessels which had carried the emigrants, and lay off the harbour, was conveyed by a couple of his men to the transport : — That Azilli waited his return for three weeks ; and Zimza not coming back, he went home, procured a little army of his friends, and hastened again to Sierra Leone, but the ship was gone, nor could any one explain Zimza’s motive for sail-
 ing

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ing with them, as they were bound to St.
Domingo.

When the poor creature had finished his account, he sat stupid, as it were, for a few moments, and then, looking earnestly in the captain's face, cried, "Sir, you
"take me back. My prince die, me
"see him, me cry over his grave, and
"then——*me die too!*"

In vain the grief of his wife and friends were mentioned as obstacles to this affectionate purpose, as well as the danger of his being detained at Port-Royal.

"Poor Omra, (said he,) she bid me
"come. Go, she say, see prince 'dolphus,
"comfort prince 'dolphus."

"But, Sambo, she did not bid you die
"for him."

He paused—shook his head—sighed,—
but would not give up his purpose, and
the faithful negro arrived last night with
my brother.—I will not attempt to paint
our

our young friend's grief. His own artless pen, when left to itself, may give you a clearer specimen of his feelings. Adieu, my amiable girl. Depend upon the sincere affection of your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from ADOLPHUS.

Hampton, May 8.

I HAVE offended against truth, friendship, and duty. Disobeyed, nay, deceived, my guardian.—Neglected Miss St. Leger.—And what is the result? Shame and sorrow.—Yet my motive was good. Distress assumed her most pathetic appearance to tempt me. Oh! had *you*, kind, compassionate, and liberal, had *you* beheld age sinking under a heavy calamity, *youth*, like a fair but fading blossom, shrinking beneath a heavy blight, *you* had administered relief.

“ Why

“ Why make this a secret ? (you ask.)
 “ Would Mr. Hamilton check the
 “ streams he had so often supplied ? ”

No, my dear correspondent. Yet I was engaged, insensibly, as it were, drawn in, I think, to respect the delicacy of those who accepted my assistance.

The ninth.

Yes, I have offended, and am *punished*.
 — They told me it would be many months before a letter could arrive, but they did not tell me that my noble father could write no more. — Where is he ? Oh ! where is the protector of my infancy ? They will not let me be alone. — But what can society do ? — Yesterday I escaped their kind persecutions. — A heavy shower drove me into a decent but small habitation. A genteel young person sat with her back to me. She arose. — It was Miss Lestock. — Have you not heard of Miss Lestock ? Poor thing ! She was in grief too ! But she had not *lost* a father, though

though his distress embitters all her prospects. How the good girl's tears streamed at the recapitulation of my sorrows! How patiently she attended the effusions of my anguish! How true it is that participation lessens affliction, and lets in a beam of light upon the heaviest heart! If a young woman, inferior in many respects to my estimable friend, can offer successful consolations, what may I not expect from the gentlest, the most sympathizing, of human creatures? Confirm, then, I entreat, those expectations, and allow for the inaccuracy of grief, and a renewal of that pain which rankles in the soul of your sincere,—yes, *I will be*, your sincere

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

From Miss ST. LEGER to ADOLPHUS.

SIR, *White-Chapel-Road, May 14.*

I AM to thank you for the lines you honoured me with, and condole with you upon the painful loss of a parent you

have so much reason to revere. Permit me to congratulate you, at the same time, upon the acquisition of such a *companion* and *friend* as you have so fortunately met with, whose *tender assiduities* and *successful consolations* render perfectly unnecessary any farther attempt to effect a purpose so easily completed. Your humble servant,

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

From FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* to ADOLPHUS.

Bedford-Square, June 1.

HOW is it, my friend, that, unknowing your own importance, you have thus fascinated that little gypsy, Sally Lestock? Not a word to be had from her, for love or money, unless *you* are the theme. And then, all the fine sentimental cant of *honour, truth, and generosity*, are brought forward to make weight in the scale of your good qualities, while a poor honest

honest fellow, like me, who values himself upon his plainness, is fairly beaten off the turf. I'll bet you a guinea to a China orange that your modestyship will permit this love-sick damsel to tie herself up in her own garters, or dangle upon the branch of some weeping-willow depending over the gentle Thames.

For shame, Adolphus. An African, and dead to so many blooming charms! I would give up all my bets in favour of Romulus (and they are not a few) to wipe one tear from her mild eye.

Fine sport at Newmarket, faith, but I was in pretty deep. Lost more than I shall tell you. However, shall wipe all off with a wet finger at the next meeting, when I shall expect *your* company, if your precise old dons will trust you out of your leading-strings.

We are all nearly upon a footing at Newmarket, my boy, lords, jockies, sweaters, princes, citizens, and farmers.

The heaviest purse, while it *is* the heaviest, makes the only difference.—Allow for me, Adolphus, a little given to rambling or so.—But my heart—sincere as your own. Upright as Sally's; and, though not *quite* so pedantic as your worthy guardian, may possess as many *African* virtues.—I know your attachment to truth. Never shall it be lessened by your partiality to me. The circumstance which occasioned your *only* deviation from it gave me real uneasiness. I loved and honoured you for your noble behaviour.

Did you fancy I could not be serious? Own yourself mistaken, for once, in your true friend,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Mr. LESTOCK from FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq.

Bedford-Square.

ALL is in a train with the sweet swain of Africa. We have met.—Almost blubbered.—He is in for it nicely; Sally has

has him all to nothing. But we must play a sure card, for the great boy is so father-sick, and expresses such concern for the *coldness* of his *revered* St. Leger, that it must be my business to heighten a difference which seems to lie so near his heart. Be it your care to throw your daughter in his way, while he continues at Hampton, and leave the rest to me. Did you think I could moralize? True, on my conscience. — But was forced to ransack my brain to furnish a sentiment or two, to produce a letter fit for my purpose. Adieu. Remember the Midsummer-rents. I want cash, and must procure it.—What's to be done? I have it. Mortgage my seat in Kent. Yours

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Hampton, June 10:

COME to us, my sweet girl. I will send a note to ask your guardian's permission. I know your delicacy, but

you safely may accede to my wishes. Our good Mr. Hawkins is preparing to accompany Adolphus in a tour through England, as we hope a change of objects may cheer his dejected spirits. Your caution respecting the poor youth is the result of prudence, and I allow your objections full weight, but cannot suppose the shadow of such a weakness in him as you hint at. Pity alone for that young woman has prompted him to distinguish her. Yet you are not to blame in your reserve, though it has made him doubly miserable. He brought your letter with a tear. "See, "madam, (said he,) I have lost *another* "friend."—I made no comment on the subject, but immediately proposed the excursion. He consented reluctantly, and to-morrow we lose him for several months. Come to us, I entreat. We have a visitor you will rejoice to see, though I believe you are the only young lady of whom it may be said that her heart will
flutter

flutter at the sight of a poor, lame, almost blind, old man. I shall tell you no more at present, so hasten to your ever faithful

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From Miss ST. LEGER, to Miss HA-
MILTON.

June 12.

CLARANCE!—Yes, my heart does indeed flutter with transport at the assurance that your goodness has sheltered the valuable creature from mysterious villainy.

Ah! madam, what hopes your delightful invitation created! I flew down stairs with the note you enclosed, and watched, oh! how anxiously! the countenance of Mrs. Abrams, as she *spelt* its contents. A gloomy silence tortured my sanguine imagination till her husband had read it.

But will you suppose the condition these people have annexed to their permission? Nothing less than a positive consent to admit Berisford's visits on my return! They will be contented with my word, though daily practising every chicanery.

Yes, madam, they *would* accept what I will *never* give, and consequently have received a full denial to my request. Next Tuesday we sail for Margate, though I have protested against entering one of their little paltry *boys*, (I think they are called,) but fear it is to no purpose, as the conveyance is so much *cheaper*!

Adieu, dear madam, I am called upon to attend Mrs. Abrams, who is eager to make such purchases as may enable her to *cut* a figure, as she expresses it, at the rooms, libraries, &c.

How ardently I wish to see and converse with the poor Clarence! Will my dearest friend indulge me with a particular recital of his affairs during his attendance
upon

upon my long-lost father? It is possibly in his power to elucidate a part of the mystery which hangs upon the fate of your obliged and affectionate

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

P. S. I cannot be very explicit upon the behaviour of your Adolphus. May his connections never disgrace his noble character.

From Miss HAMILTON to Miss ST. LEGER.

Hampton, June 18.

TAKE courage, my dear Mary Ann. Retribution, in the person of your favourite Clarence, is preparing a bitter though just punishment for Satan's *adherent*. Truly and faithfully has he performed his part of the covenant, but his diabolical master is about to leave him in the lurch. Abrams will need a stronger support than he has hitherto had to bear him through the process of our highly-offended

offended laws. Take courage, then, I repeat. Go to Margate with them. Enter into all their little schemes so far as may be consistent with delicacy and your noble resolution of shunning the vile Berisford.—I shall dispatch these few lines immediately. Adieu, then. Be cheerful, and assured that serene days will most likely succeed the late impenetrable cloud which so awfully darkened your hopes, wishes, and expectations. Ever your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From Miss HAMILTON, to Miss ST. LEGER.

Hampton, July 1.

MY poor Adolphus with his excellent tutor have already made me sensible of their abience, and the more as business of consequence detains my brother in town; so that I am left to ramble solus along the side of this agreeable river, or through the pretty wood which, gradually

gradually ascending from the water's edge, forms a pleasing view from the bridge.—Towards the upper part of this cool enclosure, stands a small summer-house, whither, this moment, I am retired to fulfil my promise.

About three weeks since, Mr. Hamilton had occasion to call upon a debtor in the King's-bench, to settle an account which his benevolence was willing to liquidate, that the unhappy man might be exonerated. He was walking with this gentleman near the common-side (as it is called) of the prison, where he noticed a poor creature, neat but meanly dressed; his emaciated face, which retained marks of successful valour, and his wooden leg denoting his former occupation. While Mr. Hamilton was gratifying his own heart in a plentiful donation to the distressed, his companion, who walked forward, requested him not to stop long, at the same instant using his name.—It operated

rated like an enchantment on the luckless warrior, and checked the overflowings of his gratitude.—“Is your honour’s name “Hamilton?” said he, in a broken agitated voice. “It is, my friend.”

“And you live in Finsbury-Square?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Oh! then you know Miss St. Ledger?”

“Most assuredly.”

“Then, noble sir, you possibly have “heard of the name of Clarence.”

This was enough. An eclaircissement took place immediately. The good creature had been arrested by Abrams for a sum he did not owe; and, utterly devoid of any means to apply to the only people who could be of use to him, was sent to this place without prospect or hope of relief. My brother, for evident reasons, chose not to appear in the affair, but gave the honest foldier instructions and assistance sufficient to clear him from his confinement.—

finement.—Clarance directly sent for his *persecutor*, (I should say,) who, shocked to find him properly instructed and assisted, was glad to release him without terms; and Mr. Hamilton, in consequence of his invitation, received his lame visitor at Hampton, where he has remained ever since.—I was called away, but would not close my letter without giving you the above agreeable intelligence.

END OF VOL. I.



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